

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—All doubt was removed about the success of the Kellogg plan to outlaw war as an instrument of national policy when, by July 19, twelve out of the fourteen nations addressed had answered favorably. Japan and Czechoslovakia were the only two not heard from, and their adhesion was confidently expected. Most of the answers were unqualified acceptances, except that of France, which added certain "interpretations," particularly as to the right of self-defense and of regaining liberty of action against any participant violating the compact, and on condition that the treaty be as general as possible and do not run counter to existing commitments. Thus practically ends the long serious effort on the part of Mr. Kellogg to close the "gap" in the League Covenant, which left war still among national policies.

The Philippine Congress opened, on July 16, its first session since Governor General Henry L. Stimson took his place. The high light of his address to the legislature was the strong insistence on the necessity of inviting American capital into the Islands for the purpose of developing its economic possibilities. He answered a number of

objections to this importation of capital and implied that the American public utilities companies would be considerably helped by him. Sergio Osmena was elected floor leader of the Senate; Manuel Quezon, President of the Senate; and Manuel Roxas, Speaker of the House. These three are the principal leaders in the movement for Philippine independence.

Secretary Hoover in his trip to the West visited the President at Brule, Wis. He still adhered to his plan of making no statements on political matters, answering all questions by saying that he would make clear his stand in his speech of acceptance. Meanwhile, great activity was manifest in the Democratic camp. One important development was that the financial interests and many manufacturers were intending to back the Democratic party on the tariff question. All of those interested in foreign investments and in exporting had for some time been drifting away from the Republican position. Meanwhile, various rumors arose on intended bolts in many states in the South, particularly Texas, Alabama and North Carolina. This movement crystallized in a meeting at Asheville, N. C., mostly attended by Protestant ministers with the expressed purpose of fighting Smith on the Prohibition question.

Albania.—Two well-laid plots to assassinate President Ahmed Bey Zogu have been recently uncovered by the national police. The first plan was to waylay the President from ambush as he motored from Tirana to Koritza. A second scheme was to bomb Zogu's villa. Because of the heavy guard which had been placed there, the discovery of the bomb threw suspicion on a number of high officials. Several Bulgarian suspects and an army officer were arrested. Subsequently three of the prisoners were executed.—On July 14, elections for membership in the fifth Constituent Assembly were held. Seventy-nine vacancies were to be filled and it was anticipated that the electorate would fully approve the regime of Ahmed Zogu. Politicians forecast that when Parliament assembles in September a bill will be introduced to abolish the Constitutional requirement for a Presidential election every seven years and to create the incumbent President, King. There are indications that at the same time the engagement of Ahmed Zogu to the daughter of King Fuad of Egypt will be announced.

Austria.—The tenth Congress of German Singing

Societies brought more than 100,000 visitors to Vienna. The principal feature of the celebration was the commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Franz Schubert. It was estimated that almost 3,000 singers from America were present for the ceremonies. Dr. Michael Hainisch, the Austrian President, Msgr. Seipel and other prominent officials welcomed the visitors. Deep regret was expressed in official circles when M. Clauzel, the French Minister at Vienna, declined an invitation to attend the celebrations. According to report M. Clauzel explained to the Austrian Chancellor, Msgr. Seipel, that the French Government had dictated his action since it considered the festival as a demonstration for the reunion of Austria with Germany.

Belgium.—Edmond Morren, foreman of the workmen employed on the construction of the recently dedicated Louvain Library, smashed with a sledgehammer the uninscribed balustrade set up by the Rector of the University, Msgr. Ladeuze. An unarmed policeman who saw the act called upon Morren to stop but took no active steps to prevent him. The foreman after finishing his job surrendered to the police, remarking: "It looked too much as if we had forgotten." On being examined he revealed no accomplices. Pieces of the broken balustrade were eagerly purchased as souvenirs by American and other tourists. The inscribed balustrade was guarded by the police to forestall any effort at setting it up.

Chile.—Great satisfaction was felt here when it was learned that the efforts of Secretary of State Kellogg, of the United States, to restore diplomatic relations between this country and Peru had met with complete success. A severance of relations occurred in 1911, though the dispute over the provinces of Tacna and Arica goes back forty-five years. Officials were confident that the prompt and generous acceptance of Secretary Kellogg's proposals would lead to a full settlement of all differences. The note of acceptance of Conrado Rios Gallardo, Minister of Foreign Affairs, lauded the negotiations of the American peacemaker. It was matched by the reply of the Peruvian Foreign Minister, Pedro Jose Rada y Gamio. A general spirit of restfulness prevailed. The mutual attitude of harmony and good-will between Chile and her neighbor has great social and commercial significance. The old controversy over the Tacna-Arica territory seemed due for a speedy and amicable settlement. Of recent years it has been one of the most thorny issues in Pan-American politics.

Germany.—The amnesty bill was rushed through the Reichstag in record time on Friday, July 13. The measure was expedited by the hunger strike started by prisoners at the Sonnenburg and Gollnow jails in protest against a possible delay of the bill until after the summer recess of Parliament. The present bill affects political

offenses committed during the inflation period and the days of general economic turmoil, when the fear of Red invasion, the insurrection in Upper Silesia and the Ruhr occupation were responsible for the hectic condition of political affairs. Though the amnesty covers offenses committed before Jan. 1, 1928, it excludes cases of high treason, disclosure of military secrets or attempts to kill. The Feme murderers are not included in the estimated 5,000 who benefit from this clemency. The Reich Supreme Court, however, included Max Holz, the Radical, under the provision of the newly enacted law. Thus was ended a political controversy between the Liberals and the Radicals which has lasted more than five years. The activities of Holz during the Kapp Putsch (the reactionary effort to restore the monarchy of 1921) brought him to trial for treason, oppression and other crimes for which the original death sentence was later commuted to life imprisonment. Communists and Liberals had carried on incessant agitation for his release.

Great Britain.—Court verdicts in favor of Cardinal Hayes and of Bishop Durand, of Oran, Algeria, in libel suits have been given by the London Courts within the past few weeks. The libel action brought by Cardinal Hayes was against the London *Sunday Express*. That paper carried a report that his Eminence had excused the assassination of Kevin O'Higgins, the Free State Minister for Justice, on the ground that he was an "English hireling." The counsel for the *Express* admitted that the report was highly defamatory to Cardinal Hayes, both as a public man and as an ecclesiastic, and that it was without foundation. The newspaper apologized to the Cardinal and agreed to pay the costs of the suit and to donate a sum of money, unnamed, to a charity designated by him. The libel suit of the Bishop of Oran arose from an article entitled "The Vatican, France and *l'Action Française*," published in the *Nineteenth Century and After*. His Lordship was accused of the misappropriation of public funds. The magazine withdrew the charge unreservedly, made a public apology, and agreed to pay the sum of 30,000 francs' damages to a charity named by the Bishop.

Ireland.—In succession to the revered Cardinal O'Donnell, the Most Rev. Joseph McRory, Bishop of Down and Connor, was elevated to the Archbishopric of Armagh and the Primacy of All Ireland. Doctor McRory was born in 1861 at Ballygawley, in the Archdiocese of Armagh. He was ordained to the priesthood at the age of twenty-four after completing a brilliant course of studies at Maynooth. Two years later, he became professor of Moral Theology and Sacred Scripture at Oscott College, Birmingham, England. In 1889, he was recalled to Maynooth to become Professor of Sacred Scripture, and for twenty-six years filled that position with remarkable success. In 1915, he was appointed Bishop of Down and Connor, the diocese which includes Belfast in its area. Due to the political and religious upheavals from

Schubert
Festival

Library
Disfigured

Reconciliation
with Peru

A Cardinal
and Bishop
Vindicated

Successor to
Cardinal
O'Donnell

Amnesty

1914 onwards, especially in the Belfast district, Doctor McRory had need to show the utmost prudence and wisdom. His conduct during these years of stress was admirable. In addition to being a splendid administrator, Doctor McRory is known as a scriptural scholar of high rank, and is a writer and lecturer of note. His appointment to his new high dignity was welcomed with satisfaction and enthusiasm.

Italy.—Signor Giovanni Giolitti, five times Premier of Italy, died at Cavour on the morning of July 17, at the age of eighty-five. His death, which had been expected for several days, was due to an attack of uremic poisoning. He remained conscious almost to the end, bade farewell to his family, and received the Sacraments. The Holy Father sent him the Apostolic blessing. He was buried in the family tomb at Cavour. Signor Giolitti was born at Mondovi, Piedmont, in October, 1842. Trained in law and finance, and possessed of extraordinary political sagacity, he was a factor in the political life of the country almost from his first entry into the Chamber of Deputies in 1882. He received the Treasury portfolio in the Crispi Cabinet in 1889, and three years later he was called to form a new Government. A threat of impeachment, from which he was later cleared, forced him into the background for the next decade, but in the twelve years before the War he headed three Cabinets. His opposition to Italy's entrance into the War brought about his retirement again in 1915, but he was once more called to the Premiership in 1920 after the fall of the Nitti Government. He did much to block the agrarian and industrial revolution in the next year and to strengthen the hand of the growing Fascist power against Communism. Later he became a leader of the Opposition, and his last public speech was a protest against the Fascist measure for electoral reform.

Dispatches from the several rescue expeditions in the Arctic reported that Swedish and Finnish fliers had saved four more members of the search parties lost in the Spitzbergen archipelago and the surrounding ice fields, while the Soviet ice-breaker Krassin succeeded in rescuing eight more, in addition to the seven survivors of the Italia crew who were saved on July 12. The Krassin was reported to be returning to its base, to transfer the rescued men and to refuel. In the meantime search was being continued by its sister-ship, the Maligin, and by numerous other expeditions, for the other six members of the Italia crew, who were carried off by the balloon after the crash of the gondola, and for Roald Amundsen and the five members of the crew of the French plane lost since June 18. Two new versions of the experiences of Mariano and Zappi, who were reported to have been found watching by the body of their dead companion, Malmgren, agreed in stating that they had been forced to leave him behind. One story, relayed from Moscow, stated that they had abandoned him while he was yet alive, while a correspondent of the Associated Press on board the steamer Krassin reported

that the rescued men did not leave their companion till after his death. Soviet and Swedish newspapers criticized the whole conduct of the expedition and advocated an investigation to fix responsibility for the disaster and clear up the conflicting accounts. On the other hand, Swedish fliers returning to Stockholm from King's Bay, declared that the Italian dispatches were trustworthy and that they had enjoyed the best relations with the Italians.

Japan.—Japanese preparations to withdraw 7,000 troops from Shantung in middle-July indicated a feeling of security with regard to the peaceful settlement of the problem in Manchuria. This interpretation was confirmed by Chang Hsueh-liang, son and successor of Chang Tso-lin, withdrawing his troops to the northward. Opinion in Mukden was that the Manchurian questions involving the Northern faction, the Nationalists, and Japan, will be settled politically. The future of the relations between China, Russia and Japan centers in Manchuria and the exact danger spot is Harbin where intersect the Chinese Eastern Railway, dominated by Russian interests, and the South Manchurian Railway, equally dominated by the Japanese. The Japanese Government was formulating its line of policy towards the Chinese Nationalists in view of recent changes. Matsudaira and a number of other distinguished Japanese ambassadors and ex-Ministers met in conference in Tokyo where the Peking Consul General also arrived with full reports in preparation for a departmental conference.

Jugoslavia.—After several days of an almost unbroken series of conferences with leaders of all parties, King Alexander empowered General Stevan Hadjitch on July 12, to form a neutral transition Cabinet. The Cabinet was to be made up of politically neutral experts drawn from all parts of the Kingdom. Opposition to the plan was said to be withdrawn by Croation Peasant party leaders, in view of the equal representation afforded to each part of the Kingdom, and the agreement that the present National Assembly would be dissolved. On July 19, however, General Hadjitch notified King Alexander that he had been unsuccessful, owing to Croation demands for immediate dissolution and for the abandonment of the Nettuno treaty.

Close on to the recent assassination of General Protogeroff at Sofia on July 8, another attempt was made on July 13, this time against the life of M. Lazitch, head of the State Department of Police, who was recently active in suppressing Macedonian activities on the border. M. Lazitch escaped with a head wound that was not serious. The assailant, a young Bulgarian, Momcilo Ivanov, killed himself. The crime was thought to be at the instigation of the Macedonian leader Michailov, suspected of instigating the murder of Protogeroff, and a dispatch from Belgrade to Sofia of July 16, confirmed a report that Michailov himself had been assassinated by one of Protogeroff's partisans.

Death of
Ex-Premier
Giolitti

Manchurian
Problem

New Premier
Appointed

Italia
Searchers
Rescued

Further
Murder
Attempts

Mexico.—The President-elect, Alvaro Obregon, was assassinated at San Angel, a fashionable resort near Mexico City, on July 17, while seated at lunch in a restaurant.

Assassination
of Obregon

Due to the severe censorship, many of the details of this deed were still obscure. It seemed, however, to be certain that the assassin, who posed as a newspaper cartoonist, was of inferior mentality. His life was saved from the infuriated by-standers and an attempt made to make him "talk." Later, President Calles announced that his motive was a religious one, but there was no means of knowing if this were true. The murder left Mexico in a serious dilemma. A new election was considered to be necessary. Best political opinion seemed to be that a Provisional President, probably Aaron Saenz, or the Ambassador to France, would be named, and that upon a regular election, Calles would be re-elected. The amended Constitution forbids a President succeeding himself, but with an interim President, it was thought that this provision could be evaded. At the same time, the situation was so delicate that almost anything, it was felt, could happen from day to day.

Poland.—The resignation of Marshal Pilsudski fanned again into flame the old rumors and aspirations for the establishment of a monarchy in Poland. In an interview given to the press the former

Monarchy
Rumored

Premier stated that he had resigned from office on account of the present unsatisfactory Constitution and the incompetent Parliament of the Nation. The Marshal canceled his projected vacation in Hungary and decided to remain in Poland. This sudden change was suspected to be a preparation for a new coup d'etat, not unlike the one of two years ago, which would result in a new Constitution and a reduction of the power of Parliament. The radicals in the Government bloc demanded enforcement of the present Constitution, while the Conservative wing was ready to reject the parliamentary form of government. With this premature spilt between the parties of the Government bloc created by Pilsudski himself threatening rapid developments, the Marshal informed President Moscicki of his intention to remain on the scene and guard the political future of Poland.

Russia.—According to reports of the New York Times, the threatened grain crisis has been definitely avoided. State grain collections for the year ending July

Grain
Situation

1, were reported at 11,455,000 tons, as compared with 11,510,000 tons in the previous twelve months. Nevertheless, the collections resulted in some dissatisfaction even among the poorer peasants, and consequent bread shortage.

The total abolition of of the "extraordinary measures" for grain collection was unanimously voted by the Resolutions Committee of the sixth World Congress of the

Communist
Congress

Communist Internationale, which opened in Moscow on July 17. Observers pointed out that sooner or later the Soviet Government would be forced to satisfy the peasants by permitting the importation of cheap foreign goods.

Increased opposition to social democracy was recommended in the opening report, as well as the need for workmen of all countries to unite in protecting Russia against the danger of armed attack from capitalist nations. It was reported that Trotsky would appeal to the Congress for reinstatement. Other leading members of the Opposition recently were received back into the Communist party.

League of Nations.—Following Sweden's nomination of Charles Evans Hughes to succeed Prof. John Bassett Moore on the Permanent Court of International Justice, it was reported that Sweden had

Nominations for
Permanent Court

also proposed Dr. Walter Simons, President of the Supreme Court of Germany, and former Temporary President of the German Republic. Each nation represented on the Court has the right to nominate two persons to succeed Judge Moore. The English jurists nominated Mr. Hughes and Dr. Simons on July 9. It was expected that the other national groups would concur in the nomination of Mr. Hughes, following his designation by Elihu Root, John Bassett Moore, and Newton D. Baker, as the majority of the American nominating group, which was made known to the League Secretariat on July 17. It was thought that Germany would favor Mr. Hughes, and not campaign for Dr. Simons at present, in view of the expected enlargement of the Court.

The differences between Poland and Lithuania reached a deadlock on July 9, and it was reported that they would be again submitted to the League of Nations in the regular September session. The cession of Vilna to Lithuania by the Soviet Government in 1920 was still adhered to by Lithuania. The Polish negotiators, however, insisted on the maintenance of the decision of the Council of Ambassadors, of March 5, 1923, by which Vilna went to Poland. The text of the Lithuanian offer, as transmitted by Poland to the League Secretariat on July 13, called for an indemnity from Poland and the declaration of an "area in dispute." Both proposals were objected to by Poland as questioning her territorial integrity.

Polish-Lithuanian
Dispute

Next week, Dr. James J. Walsh will raise an interesting point of history concerning the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, in "Was Harvey a Catholic?"

Paul L. Blakely will discuss "The Party Platforms on Education."

Stanley B. James will treat of the English prayer-book controversy in "The Victory for Anglican Modernism."

Vincent Engels will tell of "A Day at Granada."

Cathal O'Byrne will present an amusing sketch called "A Shanach on the Church Steps."

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The Assassination of Obregon

THE long, dark story of murder and violence in Mexico since the fall of Diaz and the triumph of the Carranza Revolution added to itself another chapter when Alvaro Obregon, President-elect, suffered the same fate he had himself handed to so many others. Thus ended a strange career, in which, through a mixture of personal bravery, unbelievable cruelty and incalculable treachery, he made himself personal master of his country through the murder of Carranza, and, incidentally, while President, became the richest man in Mexico. He forced the naming of his successor, controlled his administration by his personal following in the army and the agrarian faction, dictated the repudiation of his party's dearest constitutional provision, no re-election of Presidents, had his two political opponents in the late campaign killed off, and was thereupon himself elected unopposed to a second term as President.

The manner of his going is still, and probably will remain, obscure. Were the shots fired by an unbalanced fanatic, driven insane by the cruel religious persecution for which Obregon was, as much as any other, responsible? As was to be expected, Calles adopted this "theory" and added to it dark hints of "clerical" plotting. He was free to do that, for he held the assassin hidden and in his power, and could make him say anything he chose, and through the censorship make the public believe it. He did not explain how the assassin was allowed access to Obregon, nor why his life was saved after the deed, nor whether he was not in fact released and a false report of his execution circulated. Was the author of the crime Morones, Obregon's bitterest surviving enemy, who had himself expected to succeed Calles? The event will tell. A keen non-clerical observer of Mexico predicted months ago that Obregon would be murdered by official means,

and his murder officially blamed on some other whom it was officially convenient to remove from the scene, probably Morones. The only clear point at this writing is that with Obregon's death almost the last obstacle was removed to an indefinite tenure of power by Calles himself.

And how will this murder affect the religious situation? There was every reason to believe that with the coming of Obregon a better day was to dawn for the Church; in fact, anti-Catholics had threatened him if he persisted in his course of attempting a reconciliation. He was, more than anything else, an opportunist, and if he found it suited his purposes, he would have outwardly become as friendly to the Church as he was formerly hostile. Since for some time our Ambassador has shown himself anxious for a religious reconciliation as the only way to the pacification which will re-establish Mexico's financial credit, it was clearly to the interest of the next President to settle with the Church.

One last word about the maudlin gush which has disgraced a portion of our press. With a calm, free and easy disregard for the known facts, news writers have editorialized, and editorial writers have dogmatized, and the burden of their writing was that a great statesman had passed, when, if they knew anything about Mexico at all, they knew that he was as coldly cruel a murderer and as colossal a grafter as ever disgraced an official seat. It only remained for the Mexican Consul General in New York to add the crowning indecency by comparing the dead revolutionist to Abraham Lincoln.

For the Sake of the Record

ON July 17, Bishop W. A. Candler, of Atlanta, Ga., published a statement in the newspapers. It was a protest against partisan politics in the pulpit, and against the participation of Methodist clergymen in political campaigns.

On July 18, in a single issue of a metropolitan newspaper, the reader will find a brief record of the partisan political plans of Bishops Cannon, Du Bose, Mouzon and Moore, of the Methodist Church, of the Rev. Arthur J. Barton, head of the Southern Baptist Convention, the Rev. Robert J. Bateman, of the First Baptist Church, Asheville, the Rev. John W. Perry, home missionary secretary of the Methodist Church, and of the Rev. Deets Pickett, of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Morals and Prohibition.

These reverend gentlemen are so deeply interested in a question of partisan politics that they propose to attend a convention to discuss certain phases of the Houston platform. "We shall perfect an organization," writes Bishop Cannon, "to promote the ends we are after." It is understood, of course, that these ends are not political but "highly moral"; as moral, doubtless, as the antics of that "hily moril an' amusin' little kuss," Artemus Ward's circus kangaroo.

These names are cited merely for the sake of the record. Others will be added from time to time, but we cannot promise a complete catalogue, since by the end of campaign the roster will more than fill the pages of this

Review. It may be noted by way of contrast that the complete list of Catholic prelates now engaged in partisan political activities could be inscribed with flourishes on the point of a cambric needle. For this occupation they have no inclination. Besides, they are too busy preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The Penitent Thief

THE Scriptures do not tell us whether or not the Penitent Thief was buried with religious rites. Doubtless the Pharisees would have thrown the corpse of this man, to whom the dying Saviour had promised a place in Paradise, into the charnel house, with every mark of obloquy. For Dismas, on his own admission a man who had lived hard, ended a bloody career in the bloody death of a felon.

The Pharisees who stood on Calvary to blaspheme as Dismas gave his poor word of consolation—all that he had to give—to our Crucified Saviour, are still with us. Never happier are they than when pointing at some sinful Catholic whose utter blackness serves to emphasize the dazzling whiteness of their purity. "What!" they exclaim, "the Catholic Church a teacher of good morals! Look at Jim Blank, the opulent bootlegger, and John Doe, the professional thug! Turn to Richard Roe, 'up' for life after a fourth conviction, to lawyer Buzzfuzz, the ambulance chaser, to Eddie Tweed, who buys and sells elections. Catholics all, Catholics to a man! And your Catholic Church doesn't disown them."

Thereupon, casting a scornful glance at a bootlegger crouched near the door, they twitch another phylactery into view, and move towards the altar where they outrage the ear of God by a recital of their surpassing virtues.

It is quite true that the Catholic Church is the Church for the sinner. With her Divine Master, she entertains some doubt of her power to convert that race of hypocrites, likened by Divine Wisdom unto fair sepulchers filled with rottenness. But for the sinner, self-confessed, she has hope; therefore, she bears with him to the ultimate limits of a patience which she learned from her Founder. Not for a moment does she palter with sin. She denounces it. But, again like her Founder, she loves the sinner and holds out a refuge for him. Her charity is that described by St. Paul as genuine, since it endureth all things and hopeth all things. She never despairs of any man who will admit that he is a sinner. But when he fatuously preens the pin-feathers of his alleged virtue, she fears that here is a man on the road to hell-fire—not because his sins cannot be forgiven, but because a cry for Divine mercy cannot come from a heart which will not confess that it needs forgiveness. Therefore does the Catholic Church, while ever marveling at God's most sweet and tender mercies, understand how the Pharisee left the altar unjustified, and how the poor thief went gloriously from the shame of a felon's doom to the unending joys of Paradise. No man can be saved whose whole religion is to tell God how good he is. And no man can be lost who with a contrite and humble heart avows his sins before the seat of Infinite Mercy.

These obvious reflections are prompted by the story that some weeks ago a man who had been a thug, racketeer, and a bigamist, was buried at High Mass from a Long Island church. So the newspapers reported, and the Pharisees were most grievously shocked. It is now discovered that the dead man was not a bigamist; that he had received the Sacraments during the Easter time; that a few weeks before his assassination he had visited his parish priest to express regret for his wild life and a promise of repentance.

In dealing with newspaper stories of the kind cited, two cautions are necessary. The first is to remember that a newspaper reporter is seldom qualified to assess spiritual values and experiences. The next is to remember that the parish priest is fully as anxious as any Pharisee to obey the law of the Church with reference to Christian burial. By way of postscript we add that it is more profitable to do penance for our own known sins than to be shaken with pharisaic horror over the putative sins of the silent dead.

The Black Plague of Divorce

IN his current report the Rev. Caleb Stetson, rector of Trinity Church, New York, tells us that since this is no longer a Christian country, we need not be surprised to learn that Christian ideals of marriage are rejected by many of our people.

Divorces, he tells us, are "now outstripping marriages." Quoting from the reports of the Census Bureau, Dr. Stetson shows that while marriages increased 1.2 per cent in 1926, divorces increased 3.1 per cent. Many of these marriages were accompanied with circumstances which showed little respect for the compact into which the participants were supposed to enter. They were "solemnized" in balloons and airplanes, in animal cages and on the stages of cheap theaters; and if reports are to be credited, it was rarely found difficult to enlist the services of some minister of religion whose presence further degraded what should be a serious and sacred rite.

Dr. Stetson proposes to do what he can to check the growth of remarriage after divorce. Hereafter, all who seek to be married in Trinity Church will be required to depose on oath that they are of legal age, that they enter into the matrimonial contract freely, and that they have never been divorced.

Within limits, the law which Dr. Stetson proposes to enforce (which, incidentally, has been adopted by other Protestant clergymen) will lessen the evils against which it is directed. The readiness of so many clergymen to marry at all hours and under all circumstances couples who apply to them, is bringing religion into disrepute, and in some States has called forth the severest censures from public officials. If the Protestant clergy as a body were to follow Dr. Stetson's program, this scandal would soon be done away with.

It is hardly probable, however, that they will so limit themselves. Only recently, a great Protestant body, while deploring the evils set in motion by divorce, and exhorting the clergy to do all in their power to counteract them,

meekly receded from its high stand by admitting that the clergy were free to unite in marriage all to whom the State granted a marriage license. This means, in practice, that men and women who tire of their present bond are free to take advantage of the laxity of Reno, Paris, or Mexico City, and on their return enter into another temporary bond approved by their respective spiritual guides.

Even though this subservience to the State throws into clearer light the unswerving fidelity of the Catholic Church to the law of God, Catholics can find no pleasure in contemplating it. Easy divorce, with easier remarriage after divorce is not merely a personal disorder, but also a source of disorder in society. As such it tends to affect Catholics as well as non-Catholics. If the Protestant clergy, as a body, can gird themselves to rise up against this social evil, Catholics will be the first to applaud.

But until their respective religious legislative bodies can screw their courage to that sticking point, the non-Catholic clergyman who fights divorce will be a rarity. Few of us are anxious to be martyrs, and martyrdom would be the fate of the average non-Catholic clergyman who would insist upon a stricter law than that sanctioned by his organization. The braver might persist, but the rank and file would slowly retire to safer—and more comfortable—ground.

Tinkering with Education

OUR secular educators have been talking much and strongly for the last five years or so about the defects of American secondary and higher education. We begin to wonder when they will suggest a remedy.

Dr. William S. Larned exposed our shortcomings with a pen as truthful as it was trenchant last year in his report to the Carnegie Foundation. Dr. Larned has not completed his comparative study of the colleges in Great Britain, France, Germany and the United States, but what he has thus far discovered is not calculated to make us proud of the product of our institutions. We still allow "credits" for a degree in subjects of which the candidate actually knows little or nothing, on the ground that he seems to have known something about them in his freshman year. This feature of American collegiate education the cultured foreigner finds hard to understand.

The extent to which the credit system is carried in our high schools is almost unbelievable. Authentic cases, drawn from various parts of the country, are on record showing that pupils have been promoted to a higher class, or granted a certificate for a completed course, simply because they were able to show that some years previously they had "studied" agronomy, or brass-beating, or French. Whether they still knew anything whatever about French, or working in brass, or agronomy was immaterial to the issue. All the requirements were met by proof that once upon a time an examination indicated that they possessed some knowledge of these matters.

At a meeting of the administrative officers of American colleges held at the University of Chicago last month, Dean Boucher of that institution outlined a series of proposals which in time will abolish the credit system. Dr.

Max Mason, formerly president of the university, began this campaign some years ago, and it is encouraging to know that it will not be checked by his recent resignation from the university. What the Dean wishes is merely that which has been proposed in these columns and by American educators again and again. Entrance to college should not be conditioned by the ability of the applicant to show an accumulation of credits in variegated courses, many of them not correlated, but by his ability to show what he knows and can do at the time he asks admission. In other words, he should undergo a comprehensive examination of a kind which will enable the examining board to know, with a fair degree of certainty, his ability to profit by four years at college.

To Dean Boucher's recommendations we would add another. No degree should be granted except after an examination which not only embraces the prescribed studies of the entire college course, but shows to what extent the student has acquired intellectual curiosity, intellectual alertness, and, along with intellectual independence, the proper mixture of intellectual humility. Why rest content with turning out year after year a group of young men and women who on leaving college put a period to their "education"? Why not make the bachelor's degree stand for something?

Boys in Jail

THE warden of the Cook county (Chicago) jail reports that he has about one thousand boys in his custody. About seventy per cent of his prisoners are between seventeen and twenty-three years of age, and seventy-five of them are awaiting trial for murder.

"These wanton murders in Chicago's streets," reports Warden Fogarty, "are not all committed by hardened desperate crooks and gunmen, but by young 'softies' who are too lazy to work." Hanging about the city streets, the ysoon fall in with practised criminals, and the next step is imitation.

While the crime rate of New York is less than that of Chicago, it is far too high for any civilized area. Where these criminals come from can be discovered, in part, by anyone who takes an afternoon stroll along New York's crowded streets. Groups of boys approaching their twenties can be fond lounging on the street corners, or idling in billiard halls and dubious-looking "smoke shops," and this not only in the Summer months but at any time of the year. Frequently, they are in the company of young girls on whose painted faces the hard lines of sophistication are already set.

The city street is no school for virtue. Why are these young people allowed to frequent it?

Warden Fogarty supplies an answer that is worth a whole volume of sociological research. "Hosts of fathers and mothers have quit their jobs," he writes, "and the consequence is that their offspring are going straight to the devil."

To Catholic parents we commend the Warden's words. When fathers and mothers "quit their jobs" the result is likely to be boys and girls "going straight to the devil."

The Outer Circle of Catholic Life

EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

SOME interesting correspondence was the result of former articles in *AMERICA*, concerning the problems of Catholic young folk, their sociability and instruction. Whenever this subject is touched on it is sure to call forth a great deal of comment and discussion, and there is a growing conviction that something effective must be done, not only to parallel and offset existing non-Catholic associations, but to show the constructive power of the Church to meet the needs of the time, and to exercise a spiritual influence over young folk even under difficult modern conditions.

It seems to be clear that we need an organization of very wide scope to meet this need, and that existing organizations, excellent as they are, reach only what one might call the inner circle, of those who are already rather good Catholics. These are the ones who least need the activities of a Catholic Young Men's movement, at least from the standpoint of preserving their faith and stimulating their Catholic spirit. The very fact that they join the existing Catholic societies and keep up their membership therein, is a sign that they are quite good Catholics.

When we survey our Catholic layfolk, we seem to see three great concentric circles, one outside the other, whose boundaries blend one into the other.

The inner circle is made up of active and zealous lay folk who are interested in Catholic activities, are quick to respond to the calls and suggestions of the clergy and are faithful in all their religious duties. These people are the right hand of the priest and they are the ones that are always called on for help in Catholic activities, for cooperation in good works, for the support of Catholic enterprises. They join all the societies, they hear all the sermons, they call frequently at the parish rectory, they form the principal object of the priests' and Sisters' immediate influence. They buy whatever books are bought by the laity, they read the Catholic papers. In a word, they are the active body in the Catholic lay apostolate.

Outside this inner circle, comes a second circle of Catholics, who practise their religion, so far as its essentials go, but who do little or nothing to help on the works of the Church, and who take little or no interest in Catholic affairs as such. They do not belong to Catholic societies, they seldom or never read Catholic books or newspapers—though otherwise they may be very intelligent and well read—they never call on the priest and are usually not known by him very intimately, they seldom listen to sermons when they can help it. In a word, they are at most mere spectators of the work of the lay apostolate and some of them are little by little losing their hold on the Faith and quietly drifting into the outer circle.

The third and outer circle of Catholics is made up of those, who, though they were baptized in the Church, and perhaps practised their religion for a while, have now

practically given it up. They may still go to Mass on Sunday, now and then, and they may avoid eating meat on Friday when they think of it. They may even make their Easter duty every few years, when something turns up to remind them of their early days. But to all intents and purposes they are cut off from the Church's influence. Sometimes this is the result of a mixed marriage, sometimes of mere worldliness and distraction, sometimes they have got into non-Catholic companionship and "just drifted away." But, whatever the reason, these people are in the process of being lost to the Church, and they and their descendants may have to be converted anew, if the process of their separation from the Church goes on. This re-converting will then require as much effort as its needs to bring non-Catholics into the Church.

At present, if they could be brought under Catholic influence their faith might be revived and they might become quite good Catholics, for they have never formally abandoned the Church. But if matters go on as at present, they soon will abandon their religion to all intents and purposes.

Of course, one might speak of a fourth circle, the outermost one, which would contain all apostates, "the ought-to-be's" and "fallen-aways," who are really separated from the Church, and are no longer Catholics. Indeed, it might be logical to include them in our consideration, for, since they were baptized, they may in a sense be called Catholics. Yet they are completely mingled with the general crowd and only God knows who or where they are.

There are a great many young persons in each of these circles. Those in the inner circle we know well, they are the members of our societies and the loyal graduates of our schools. In the second circle we find also a large number of Catholic young people, many of them are the graduates of the public-school system, for we must remember that only half of our Catholic children are educated in our own schools. They are very poorly instructed, some of them, in the Catholic religion, though quite well educated in other respects, and they make no effort to learn any more. They do not care to be affiliated with Catholic societies, at least they have no active interest in them, and this is often due not to any ill will, but to the pressure of other interests.

Finally, there is a disquietingly large number of Catholic young people in the third circle of indifferents, many of whom are on the verge of practical apostasy. Just how many Catholic young men are in this circle, it is difficult to calculate. Zealous parish priests have said that it is their conviction that not more than half of the Catholic young men in their parish go to Mass every Sunday. In the large cities in particular, where young men come and go in search of work, and where they find themselves free from all restraints of home life and

removed from the good example and influence of father and mother, all too many young men easily give up going to Mass on Sunday. Considering the proportion of young men one sees in church and the reduced state of young men's societies, in most parishes where they exist at all, one is reluctantly brought to the conclusion that the number of Catholic young men in this outer circle is all too large.

As to the "ought-to-be's" and "fallen-aways," we have no means of calculating their number with any degree of accuracy, but that they are numerous it is difficult to doubt. If we were able to add up the numbers of all these outer circles, we should probably find the total very disquieting, when we consider that every man is a precious treasure of the Church and full of potential merit and zeal if he can be kept true to his Catholic principles.

Now the Catholic Young Men's Movement of which I have hinted, while aiding all our young folk, could particularly appeal to the outer circle of which I have been speaking. It should draw them by the cords of Adam, attracting them by the means which appeal to young people in general, by facilities for friendliness, for clean amusement and exercise and study, and at the same time should offer them an attractive opportunity to learn more about their religion and to come closer to the Church.

We must take human beings as we find them and follow the example of our Master, who so often healed the body before He healed the soul.

We have enough experience to draw upon, here in the United States, to convince us that it is possible to attract young people in this way, through a Catholic association, and that, properly managed, such an enterprise should, in the long run, be mainly self-supporting. With twenty million Catholics in a great nation like ours, all that is needed is courageous cooperation according to right methods, to bring this desirable achievement to a realization. Of course, no individual, or group of individuals, in any one locality, can accomplish a work of so wide a scope, but signs are not wanting that Catholics as a whole, under the leadership of their Divinely appointed shepherds, are coming nearer and nearer to the frame of mind in which such an effort will be possible. But we must stress the great importance of finding the right plan and using the means which will secure success. The task is not easy, but it is possible and very fruitful.

YOU BID ME LOOK INTO MY HEART AND SING

You bid me look into my heart and sing;
 Why look into that narrow space
 When I can see the lake in blue gray calm
 And watch the willows bend in languid grace?
 Why should I look into my heart to sing
 When roseate shadows cling about the clouds,
 When all the earth is shimmering with green,
 And spring emerges from her dwindling shrouds?
 I must not look into my heart to sing,
 For when I gaze into that narrow space,
 I cannot see the lake, the sky, the trees,
 But watch the lingering shadow of your face.

MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.

The Hidden Influence

PASCAL ROYAL

THERE was once, many years ago in Boston, a dear old Protestant lady who *knew* (and was not to be contradicted) that in the basement of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross were dungeons, dark, yawning dungeons, and she clung to her belief with unholy joy rather than investigate the origin of her gruesome information. To intelligent Catholics this seems incredible, but we know that there are propagandists who take a fiendish delight in disseminating just such deviations from the truth, and we pity rather than censure the old lady and her followers.

Much that is instructive, interesting, and inspiring in our Catholic background has not been given the prominence deserved. In this connection one may cite the history of our parish schools and their teachers. It is to be regretted that the world at large knows so little of the personalities of those who in the Religious Orders give their lives to the teaching of children. Their motto is awe-inspiring: *Soli Deo*—For God Alone—their reward likewise illuminating, God alone.

No more fascinating biography could be written, perhaps, than that of a teacher of children. The nobility of her calling, the breadth of her understanding of human nature and the depth of her love of children place her in a sphere peculiarly her own. In the multiplicity of her duties, the performance of which demands at times superhuman physical and mental endurance, she sets a standard for all to admire.

I have in mind a recently deceased Religious who very humbly but very forcefully spread a powerful influence through a large parish, almost entirely through her work in the classroom. Locally, she belonged to Boston, but internationally she is remembered by that vast coterie of men and women who are "scaling the heights" of their several high callings.

Sister Marion was born in Canada, yet she spent the whole of her teaching years in the United States at Boston, Mass. It is interesting to note the part that environment played in the early formation of character, with this child who was the youngest in a large old-fashioned family which clung tenaciously to the fine ideals of a vigorous Catholicism.

Doubtless the rugged beauty of her fair Canadian country contributed in giving her a deep love of the beautiful in everything around her. We know that the unswerving loyalty to their faith upon which her family traditions were founded, shaped much of her vision during that formation period of early youth and in later years accounted for the breadth of thought, brilliancy of intellect and sympathetic charm which marked her religious life.

Before her twentieth year was reached, Sister Marion had entered the Sisters of Charity at Halifax and in what seemed an incredibly short time, she had reached the goal of an ambition in which zeal for souls and an intense love of children played an important part.

The very small children just entering school had a special fascination for her; their unclouded innocence called

to her own inner sanctity; their laughter was the sweetest music in her ears, and their progress in their classes, a matter for great rejoicing and abundant reward.

The older boys, however, were her particular charge and into the democracy of their classroom she brought her own fearlessness, her sound judgment and above all the unflinching courtesy and gracious manner which was to accomplish more in these growing boys than any amount of preaching. In this wholesome atmosphere, much of the neglected home training was delicately supplied, and in this sanctuary were brought to light and matured the hidden ambitions and aspirations of troubled youth.

Perhaps Sister Marion's modern and progressive perspective contributed largely to her success in the management of growing boys. She not only insisted upon a high standard of studies and a manly grade of conduct, but she also encouraged outdoor sports not with vague sentiment, feebly expressed, but with a fine enthusiasm which proved itself in material manifestations as well as in spurring these boys on to their best efforts.

From the classroom this tireless, energetic teacher crossed the threshold of many homes, in spirit, and found there many parents in sad want of instruction and encouragement. Her personality, and the charm and tact with which she handled the most obdurate cases, gave these fathers and mothers such confidence in her judgment that she gently but surely brought peace to many households—a record in social service work which would have brought her fame "out in the world."

It is not to be supposed that all this was accomplished in a day. This interest in their affairs continued long after they had left Sister Marion's classroom, through high school and into college. Without being aware of it she had established an extension course which kept these boys reporting their failures or progress. They were so sure of her sympathy and cooperation that they had little fear in bringing their problems to her. Here was someone who was never shocked at their modern conception of things. Here was a saintly presence that saw no wrong where none existed. The young man "dropping in" to say goodbye on his way to the Novitiate was no more welcome than his contemporary who appeared with the girl of his choice for advice and approbation.

Father Faber says that a sense of the ridiculous is of great assistance in the religious life. Surely Sister Marion's whimsical humor swept away many difficulties and gave her tireless energy new impetus in her unique perplexities.

Shortly after her appointment as Superior, her health began to fail. The frail physique which had proved indomitable through many years then began to show itself incapable of withstanding the new demands made upon it. When this tired Sister could no longer fight she knew that death was inevitable and only then did she realize that her work on earth was completed.

She had lived courageously, fearlessly and smilingly and she died courageously, fearlessly and smilingly—going to God as to someone who had long been awaiting her.

Sister Marion is but a type of the many thousands of

devoted and self-sacrificing women of this country buried in the obscurity of a parish school or even the modern magnificent high school, women that are a power for good, who exert an influence the value of which the world at large has hardly ever rightly estimated. She is but a unit in a great dynamo whose effective work is the making of the child today the better citizen of the morrow. Untrammelled by ties that confine, inspired by the noblest ambition of the human heart, led on by no thought of material gain, they fashion hearts to the highest ideals of justice and charity in training their minds. They live altogether for others and when they die they die in the same obscurity in which they toiled. The work of their lives, the influence over the hearts of the young committed to their care, lives on in the man and woman whose love for God and country is all the purer and nobler because they had lived.

DUMB QUERY

This is our lot:—to be forever dumb!
To feel the spirit locked within our lips,
Dwelling forever in the mute eclipse
Of dim penumbral shades, while no words come.
In vain the spirit rolls its quickening drum,
Or eyes behold the bright Apocalypse,
The inchoate tongue falls dead beneath our whips
And words lie inarticulate and numb.

Oh, for a word to clothe the form that dwells
Within the heart in naked loveliness;
Oh, for a chord to loose the song that swells
Forever latent, and in mute duress.

Is life a fumbling for the hidden chord,
And love, incessant striving for the word?

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

SAINTE GERMAINE DE PRE

A dusty road, long wedded to the wrinkled hill,
Paddles its dusty feet down by the river's edge . . .
A dreamy, wandering stream, and now the road can wear
A musty castle for a crown upon her hair,
And watch with her gray eyes the spires of Montmartre wedge
Their marble whiteness through the far, unfolding frill

Of clouds. A thousand cobble stones, with ancient moss
Between their brittle bones, are slumbering, worn and tired.
They knew the heavy tread of François' boisterous feet,
And heard the rumble of his wagons on the street . . .
But now they are too old even to be inspired
By these rich memories or saddened by their loss.

There is an old cathedral and a new café
Standing here, side by side, watching the ancient home.
One tasted glory that was here another hour
Within the brown old walls and ivy-covered tower;
The other knows the grandeur and the pomp of Rome
In padlocked cabinets and classified array.

Rome and France! César et François le Premier!
Here where the old Seine pauses reverently for you
To carry some forgotten message to the sea,
Your ancient glory freshens in the memory
Of time . . . as though you walked again the old halls through
Asking in your reincarnation for a prayer.

NORBERT ENGELS.

A Stronghold of Faith

MARTHA GENUNG STEARNS

WHEN we were schoolchildren, we studied, according to the method of the schools in our little town, the history of the ancient Greeks for so many hours a week, skipped lightly through the centuries to the American Revolution, to be followed later by the English kings. Apparently one could not begin at the first century and progress naturally through the second, third and so on, down to the American Civil War, when we would be "through."

We came to think of these segments of history as a set of blocks which could be put into an orderly pile, perhaps, but whose edges could never be merged or mingled. It was only later, when reading became a pleasure instead of a task, that we realized that there are no edges in history; rather, it flows along with the continuity of a river. The world was not populated sparsely by heroes and kings alone, but was lived in as well by farmers and children and blacksmiths, very much like our immediate neighbors; in other words, the human element began to show itself, and things to assume new relationships.

With how much more zest and understanding we should have learned our history from a book like "Puck of Pook's Hill," for instance, starting from something we knew, and seeing the years passing over the same hills and farms and towns, realizing thereby how little human nature has ever changed, and how men's actions were influenced by the same motives then as now.

Trackway and Camp and City lost,
Salt Marsh where now is corn;
Old Wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,
And so was England born.

The region that I am thinking of is Sussex, that ancient country that has had so many poets to praise her, and whose people speak of her in the language of lovers. How many secrets are hidden among those smooth-shouldered downs and little chalk valleys! After every hard rain you may find a newly washed flint, chipped before the Romans came to Britain; if you stumble through a plowed field you may turn up a coin that once paid a tax in Domesday Book.

And there is a place in Sussex where the history of the Catholic Faith and the history of a great family have run in an intermingled stream with that of England since Alfred was king: Arundel, seat of the Dukes of Norfolk, in the valley of the Arun. As you come down from London by rail, you are looking out on the right for the castle's mighty pile; but it hides itself behind fold after fold of the soft rolling country until you are almost upon the railway station. Then suddenly, there it is, across the meadows, massive, gray, gold-shot in the afternoon sun against a background of green, to stir the heart and imagination with the sense of age and strength and serenity like no other secular thing in England, unless it be one's first sight of Windsor. At its foot the little houses

cluster close to the gray protecting walls as a tributary village should; and over to the left are the modern pinacles and spires of St. Philip Neri's church, soaring up like some transplanted Norman sanctuary, a thing not unfitting here.

The greater part of Arundel Castle that one sees from a distance is of modern construction, for its ancient stonework is underneath and within. But through the sense and vision of its later builders, there is no incongruity about its ramparts and mighty buttresses. Many centuries have contributed to its growth, each depositing something of the great pile, as receding waves leave their burden of sand. When the Romans fortified the coast of Britain with a chain of military stations, they built a road through Arundel to connect Chichester with Pevensey (one of them dropped an iron horseshoe here one day as he rode through); and when the Bayeux tapestry was being embroidered with King Harold's melancholy history, Arundel was already here.

There are countless other places in England where history was made and where the traces of centuries can be seen—but Arundel is still alive. The castle is not a museum or a mere inarticulate survival, it is still a home. The first time that I saw it, the great banner with all its Fitzalan and Granville and Howard quarterings was streaming out from the keep tower because the present young duke was spending the week-end there. He had lent the park to the Irish Guards for a vacation camp, and came down to see them on the rifle range and hear their pipers skirling among the trees. One feels that history is not over yet at Arundel.

Since the days of Alfred, whose name stands first on the long roll of the owners of Arundel, in 901, there have been thirty-seven earls. Churchmen and statesmen lie in the chapel tombs: a daughter of King John of Portugal and a sister of the Earl of Warwick, a knight who died for England at Beauvais, and a saint who died a martyr for the Faith in the Tower of London. Arundels were brought home sooner or later from wherever death overtook them, to lie in their own places; like John for instance, in 1432, a splendid figure. He commanded the English forces at Beauvais and was responsible for the defeat of the French; but he was struck by a shot from a French culverin which shattered his leg, and the tomb in the chapel tells the brave story. In its upper slab he lies, an alabaster knight in armor as he went forth to the war. Beneath on a lower level, he is represented in the sorry state in which they brought him home; a skeleton with one leg missing.

It was under the protection of Roger Montgomery who received the earldom in 1070 as a reward for services rendered to William the Conqueror, that a little village began to grow outside the immense vaults and buttresses that he built, and fisheries and crafts and peaceful trades

began. Soon a bridge was built across the Arun, a little mill began grinding the farmers' corn, and a small priory grew up and its bells rang out to answer those of Chichester away over the salty meadows toward the Channel. Market fairs were held, and the King made royal visits, and there were hunts and merrymakings. These were the peaceful things. There were wild, dark happenings, too: treachery and forfeitures and quarrels. The twelfth earl was beheaded without a trial on the charge of treason, to the great sorrow of the people, who loved him. Pestilence and famine ravaged the country.

Henry, the twenty-second earl, was a courtier who lived so much in London that his villagers in Sussex scarcely knew him, until he was brought home to be buried "with a costlye funerall." His heir was that Philip Howard who brought a new element into the family: a blending of fortitude of soul and gentleness of life which surrounds him with radiance against the dark background of those violent days. Elizabeth might have loved him, but he was unyielding in the old religion, and she feared that unquenchable spirit and thought to be rid of it when he was hidden away securely. But like the sturdy pink valerian which grows in the crannies of Arundel's walls, showing its brightest color where the soil is thinnest, the Faith had its foothold in many humble places, and refused to be rooted out.

Philip made a very gallant figure at his trial in Westminster Hall, still clad in the black satin and velvet mantle of his rank as a court gentleman. In spite of the ancient ties and friendships which must have existed between his family and all of England's best, he stood alone, and alone he went bravely to his prison after the fantastic parody of justice was over, with the chill of death creeping upon him like a shadow. And under that shadow he was to lie waiting, in daily expectation of the summons, for eleven years. How much more merciful the torture of Tyburn would have been! He was never permitted to see his friends or his wife and the little son who was born since he was taken; and so, in his own words, "as a dead man to this world, and in all good will whilst I live," he gradually weakened, until they brought him out, his tall figure lying in a long, plain coffin, and buried him in a traitor's grave. Nearly thirty years afterward his faithful widow brought him home and placed him among his fathers, in a vault under the high altar. The Church has already declared him Venerable, and now that the cause of the English Martyrs has newly been taken up, it may be that one day the shrine of a martyr-saint at Arundel will become a place of pilgrimage.

His little son grew up and faced the same choice which his father had made between the favor of the Court and the integrity of the Faith, and he chose unworthily, and was restored to the ducal honors, which he did not live long to enjoy. Arundel received him, too, in the end.

The next misfortune was the capture of the castle by the Parliamentary troops under Sir William Waller after a long siege. The town was depopulated, its lights put out and its bells silenced, the loyal people only surrendering when they were starved into submission, for they were King's men and did not lightly change. There were

officers of title among the prisoners, too, "with their starved ladies."

But in 1660 the Howards were restored, and the twenty-seventh earl, Henry, brought the Faith back into Arundel Castle. From that day to this there has been no break. A long controversy which ensued when the vicar of the Anglican parish church laid claim to the Fitzalan Chapel finally resulted in judgment at law being given for the duke; and thus it is that though services there had ceased for a long time after Waller's occupation, and the building fell into serious disrepair, the original altarstone of the Lady-altar, a great slab of Purbeck marble with its five deeply cut crosses, was never destroyed or even marred, and is in its original place.

The late duke, Henry Fitzalan Howard, who died in 1916, was an antiquarian and a builder. He gathered up all the fragments which the centuries had broken and re-incorporated them in the fabric, blending his new work so skilfully with the old that the chapel is restored to its ancient authentic beauty. Here countless Masses have been said for the souls of those who lie within these walls. There is also the tomb of Thomas, who died in 1415, which has an altarstone across one end of its table-like top with prickets for the unbleached wax candles which are still lighted there during a Requiem. These stones surviving unblemished and undesecrated, and still used by the same Catholic family whose forefathers caused them to be consecrated, must be almost unique in England. As we look back over the past which is represented by the castle's existence and think of those unhappy days when the Reformation made its effort to stamp out the old Faith, we think first, perhaps, of great souls like the Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, with his merry eyes, and the gold chain over his velvet gown; of the saintly Fisher; of Blessed Edmund Campion surrounded by that flame of faith which still quickens our very thought of him, and of many more who made public and heroic confession.

Here at Arundel we see far more besides—another company, vast, rather bewildered and sad, who never attained the glory of martyrdom, whose words and deeds were never recorded. Here in these peaceful country churchyards within sight of Arundel's towers there are not only gallant crusaders with great shields and helmets, and watchdogs at the foot, but tired old farmers and worn old women with rough hands, and all those simple folk who did the country's common work, built its little villages, kept its millwheels turning, and went off for a shilling to fight its wars. Under the very shadow of Arundel's gray masonry and the menace of its ancient portcullis, we realize that greatness is built not with stones, but with lives, and that these people, too, were a part of history. Their prayers were as mighty as the deeds of mailed men.

There were wayside crosses all over England long ago, with waving grasses and wild strawberries at the foot, and passers-by pulling off their caps as they glanced up. Arundel's great crucifix no longer stands as it used to do just outside the village at the edge of the Romans' road; all weatherbeaten as it is, it has been moved inside the Fitzalan Chapel for safe keeping—like so many other

precious things which have been kept safely within those walls through the years. But as we look up and remember that the same prayers are being said here still, and the same flame being kept alive, this place becomes a symbol

of steadfast faith, and the hope grows and brightens that Arundel's wayside shrine may one day be restored to its former place, to hallow the fields and hedgerows and all simple village things, as it was meant to do.

Industry Does Not Appreciate the Colleges

C. J. FREUND

ON a warm summer evening Father Black and his friend Jones sat on a flagstone terrace and under a gaudily striped awning at the side of the latter's home. They had discussed the position of Catholics in politics until the subject was, for the time being, exhausted and a pause ensued during which both blew clouds of smoke against the canvas above them.

"Tell me the other half of the story, Father," Jones abruptly suggested.

"Of which story?" asked Father Black in surprise.

"Don't you remember my telling you on the afternoon of commencement that the colleges had to get closer to industry in my opinion and your telling me when I left that I know only half of it and that you would tell me the rest on another occasion?"

"Oh yes," Father Black replied. "I remember now that we were to discuss that again." Then he sat for a few moments without speaking as he gathered his thoughts. "The other half of the story," he continued, "is that industry is as much to blame for the conditions which you describe as the colleges are. Manufacturers and business men have erected a barrier about their establishments, they have drawn a line between their activities and those of the citizens in general and have not as a rule given much encouragement to those who have ventured into their domains.

"Take our own city, for instance. The big shops are down in the valley. In reality, the valley is a part of the city but it does not appear so to most people. In the popular mind, the men who work in those shops leave the city in the morning and return to it at night. During the day they are considered absent when, as a matter of fact, they are engaged in one of the most important activities in the community. Your manufacturers have cast a cloud of mystery and secrecy about their plants so that few people know what goes on within them. No attempt is ever made to coordinate the work of the manufacturing plants and business institutions with the educational and other civic work.

"The manufacturers themselves are, for the most part, not in the least interested in the affairs of the city and its ordinary people. After work they rush off into the fashionable suburbs in which they live and are never seen or heard from down town unless a political or other movement arises which threatens their interest."

"Stop a minute, Father," Jones protested, "you sometimes accuse me of exaggeration. But I never exaggerate as you are exaggerating now. Think of all the manufacturers who are active in educational work, in charities, on public committees. Think of the business men who

contribute generously every year to the city's many institutions and funds. Your own board of trustees, or whatever you call them, includes several manufacturers."

"Yes, I know they are all willing to contribute but that is not what I mean. I refer to active personal participation. You say that business men serve on various civic committees but, after all, the proportion of those who do this is extremely small. If this were not the case I doubt if those who do serve thus would receive so much publicity in the newspapers and otherwise.

"But this is a general condition which exists. We are interested in how this condition affects the attitude of manufacturers towards education, which is an extremely important civic activity. Manufacturers must get more in touch with education and educators. The young people who are being educated need their attention and personal encouragement. The manufacturers realize that education is necessary but they take it too much for granted; they assume that education will go constantly forward like the collection of taxes, the patrolling of the streets and the collection of ashes.

"I was surprised to learn recently that a very prominent local industrialist had been under the impression for years that our college was a seminary. Another one thought it was a preparatory school and still another believed it to be a municipally operated institution. Those are merely three instances which indicate the lack of information which can result from lack of interest. It is not to be expected that our faculty members will make great efforts to make contacts with industry when they know that the leaders in industry take no interest in educational matters.

"Again, many manufacturers, not all of them by any means but enough of them to do a great deal of mischief, look down upon educators in general and college professors in particular as a class of men who are impractical and effeminate in spite of their high intelligence. College professors and teachers undoubtedly have certain faults as a class. So have the manufacturers. But who has said that the admitted lack of practical sense of college professors is a greater fault than the subtle arrogance which manufacturers have been developing as a class for some years past? Manufacturers largely look upon the educator as a 'poor fish,' as our boys would say.

"Some weeks ago our president wrote to one of our big business men to solicit his assistance in entertaining a distinguished foreign educator in whom he had reason to believe the business man would be particularly interested. After a delay of more than a week the letter was answered by the secretary of some minor official after being sent from one office to another 'for attention.' As

far as I know this business man is not generally known for lack of courtesy. I know that the most insignificant business man would at least have been told to whom in the organization his letter had been referred. But the mere president of a college receives no consideration whatever. I admit that this is not an ordinary case but it certainly is an illustration, however extreme, of a general attitude among business people.

"And then you tell us that the college people must reach out into industry and establish contacts. I have attempted a little in this direction, as you well know, and I should hate to tell you how long I have to sit in the waiting rooms of some of your industrial officials while they undoubtedly hoped that I would get tired and leave.

"Some time ago our professor of economics attempted to get the opinion of manufacturers regarding the value, from a practical standpoint, of certain courses. He visited twelve places and only in three was he granted an interview by the treasurer or comptroller or other official qualified to discuss the matter. In some places he was simply told that the official could not see him 'this morning' but in most of the others he was referred to uninformed subordinates who could give him no information.

"Our junior class wanted to visit a number of manufacturing plants this year; a shoe factory, a flour mill, a steel mill, a furniture factory, twelve in all. They were admitted only to four. The other eight refused them. In some cases the refusals were polite, in some cases they were far otherwise; in every case the refusal was final.

"If your industrial people expect the colleges to give the students a leaning towards industry and away from the established professions, they will need to change their attitude toward the colleges and college people. I admit that a great many corporations take a great interest in educational affairs, but the proportion of those who do is no greater than the proportion of college men who keep in touch with industry."

"Well," Jones said when Father Black had finished, "there is no use trying to determine whether the colleges or the industries are more to blame. The condition exists and both sides are partly at fault. As far as the industrial side is concerned, what do you think we should do, or rather, how should we do it, since we know already what we must do?"

"That is your problem. I shall no more attempt to solve it for you than you would attempt to solve an educational problem. I would suggest, however, that those of you in the business world who already take an interest in educational matters make determined efforts to convert the great majority who are guilty of everything I discussed. You may wish to organize for this purpose in a formal way or you may not. In any case you will need to undertake a campaign of education among manufacturers and business men. It might be well to begin by creating the impression that educators are not vastly inferior to manufacturers and business men even though they know little about high-pressure salesmanship and the technique of investing. A greater friendliness be-

tween educators and business people should result, and when this friendliness is established, the rest will not be so difficult.

"I think a greater interest in student activities should be built up and I do not refer to athletics, which take care of themselves. I refer to mass meetings, plays, debates and social functions of various kinds. Students are intensely interested in such things and appreciate encouragement in them very much. Professional people attend these affairs; why should not the business people? College men will take no interest in industry if industrial people take no interest in them.

"Why cannot faculty members and students be permitted to attend conferences and conventions of all organizations connected with industry? You will remember that a certain national organization of accountants held their convention here two months ago and in connection with it an extensive exhibit of office equipment. Except that Professor Williams was the principal speaker at their final banquet, no member of the faculty and no student was given an opportunity to attend any of the meetings or to visit the exhibit. I do not suggest that our people take part in such meetings but they should be permitted to attend.

"Students are more likely to go into industry if they are given frequent opportunities to visit industrial plants. I realize that little actual information can be obtained in a single day or half-day spent in this way and I realize also that a crowd of students in a plant will hinder the work considerably but I maintain most emphatically that industry can win students most easily by making them welcome in the plants and providing guides and other facilities for them.

"Those are a few suggestions; other thoughts will come to your mind."

"Indeed they will," answered Jones, "in fact they have been coming to my mind all evening."

THE KISS OF THE DUSK

The fire-flies swing ruby lamps
Down avenues of purpling grass;
This night, with life so beautiful,
I fain would hold, but life must pass.

From trees with hoods of nun-gray hush,
A sleepy bird sends me good-night;
Far off I read a ruddy prayer
From some hid hamlet's window-light.

The kiss of dusk is soft; the sky
Is like a folding violet-flower;
The lanterns of the fire-flies
Bless earth this golden evening-hour.

The air is sweet as balsam drops,
So lush with love, so rich with rest—
Here seems the very hand of God
Sows peace in every living breast.

And rhythmic rings, the fire-flies' scroll,
Are signs in a most mystic rite.
For countless creatures' eyes that watch
The holy altar of the night.

J. CORSON MILLER.

Sociology

The Party Platforms on Labor

JOHN WILTBYE

THIS paper is in substance a consideration of what the late Senator Stone of Missouri—or it may have been Theodore Roosevelt—used to call weasel words.

For an understanding of this term a brief excursus into the domain of natural history is necessary. A weasel, we are told, is an animal that is very fond of eggs. For some reason best known to himself, it is his habit to suck the egg through a small orifice, leaving the shell apparently intact. So is the keen eye of the farmer deceived, and the sensitive ear of the by-stander outraged. Not until the shell breaks in his fingers does he realize that the weasel found the egg first.

A weasel word looks quite as pretty to the unaided eye as a word full of strong meat and meaning. That is why it is so greatly in demand when the platform builders gather to begin their labors.

Examining the labor planks of the parties, no friend of organized labor will be moved to toss his cap over the nearest house. Labor has been in a bad way for some years. As early as 1920 AMERICA pointed out that, for a number of reasons which need not be rehearsed here, the American Federation of Labor was losing its grip on the worker, and that in consequence labor's freedom to organize was in grave peril. The astounding rise of the company-controlled union since that time, vindicates AMERICA's stand. If it continues its progress its adherents, free or forced, will soon outnumber the members of the voluntary union, and when that stage is reached, all the gains of the last fifty years go by the board. The worker will find himself faced by a system of wage slavery from which he cannot be saved unless he can find leaders to begin again the battle for industrial freedom, and to carry on relentlessly.

In my judgment, the labor planks of both parties are disappointing for the simple reason that organized labor today is too weak to be greatly feared. A platform maker follows the line of largest majorities. He is ruled by a policy of expedients. Justice and truth frequently irk, but rarely guide, him. The successful politician votes for votes, not for convictions, and sets the example to the platform builder.

However, some excellent principles were given expression at Kansas City and Houston. It now remains for labor to demand that these be honored by the parties when there is question of State or Federal legislation.

Both platforms affirm the right of collective bargaining. "We favor the principle of collective bargaining," write the Democrats, "and the democratic principle that organized labor should choose its own representatives without coercion or interference." "The party favors freedom in wage contracts," say the Republicans, "the right of collective bargaining by free and responsible agents of their own choosing, which develops and maintains that purposeful cooperation which gains its chief incentive through voluntary agreement." "Labor is not a com-

modity," the Democrats assert. "Human rights must be safeguarded. Labor should be exempt from the operation of the anti-trust laws." On this exemption, the Republicans say nothing.

Each platform admits the need of legislation to correct evils in the coal districts and to stabilize the industry. Each also affirms that the worker needs and should be paid higher wages, and the Democrats single out Federal employees for "a living wage." The Democrats denounce child labor and the exploitation of women in industry; the Republicans say nothing on either of these topics, and neither party refers to the child-labor amendment.

Representatives of organized labor had asked the parties to oppose industrial conscription in war time. This request was refused by the Democrats and granted by the Republicans. "Planks" in favor of graduated-income, estate and inheritance taxes, for 2.75 beer, and against the sales tax, all asked by labor, were passed over in silence by both parties.

Each party adverts to the abuse of the injunction in labor disputes. It will be interesting to quote the resolutions in full. After admitting the existence of "grave abuses" the Democrats write: "Injunctions should not be granted in labor disputes except upon proof of threatened irreparable injury, and after notice and hearing; and the injunction should be confined to those which do directly threaten irreparable injury."

"The expressed purpose of representatives of capital, labor and the bar to devise a plan for the elimination of the present evils with respect to injunctions must be supported, and legislation designed to accomplish these ends formulated and passed."

The Republicans, as AMERICA has observed, are a trifle more cautious. "We believe that injunctions in labor disputes have, in some instances, been abused," they write, "and have given rise to a serious question for legislation."

It is reported that the representatives of organized labor are wholly dissatisfied with the Republican statement, and not wholly satisfied that the Democratic plank means much. The Republicans do not seem fully convinced that grave abuses exist in connection with the injunction; they only "believe" that something untoward has "in some instances" been noted. This something, consequently, gives "rise to a serious question for legislation," perhaps more stringent, perhaps weaker. Your citizen present in the neighborhood when a powder mill blows up is truthful enough when he reports his belief that something must have happened. But one cannot help feeling that, like the Republican platform, he rather understates the matter.

The Democrats speak more plainly, yet wordmongers are already asking what meaning they attach to "threaten" and to "irreparable injury." In the eye of the average owner, every strike is a "threat." Indeed, that is what the workers wish it to be. Further, in the heat of an industrial quarrel, the employer or worker who does not claim that the injury "threatened" is not "irreparable" is rarely if ever met with in this wicked world. Perhaps the Democrats, under pressure, may find it possible to state their position more clearly.

At this point I once more ask myself what planks and platforms are for. We have been told that the platform is not to stand on but to get in on. I suggest another possible use for the labor planks. Let the unions use them, when the occasion arises, as clubs wherewith to beat into the heads of recalcitrant politicians and legislators a sense of social justice.

Education

Study Values in the School

P. W. THIBEAU, Ph.D.

FROM the very nature of the circumstances, the procedure of the professional administrator in distributing school interests will reflect the results of his survey. Yet, by virtue of his training, he has certain pre-conceptions as to what constitutes values in education. In the interests of the wider social welfare he will undoubtedly exercise his official prerogative and inject a due amount of the liberalizing studies into the school program, even though exhortation from without to do so, comes from but the few. Similarly he will control the personal factor by infusing into the activities of the school a spirit that accrues to the collective good of the public. In doing so he may realize, however, that in both instances he is proceeding from certain fundamental considerations that are not readily apprehended by the public and in which their interest is, as a consequence, more or less passive.

One can understand, therefore, why, in a system of schools dedicated to the service of the public, in which public needs and estimates of value play so large a part in determining school studies and the amount of attention given to each, professional opinion and insight must still be reckoned with in ascertaining the source of study values. Unlike the public estimate, which proceeds largely from a consideration of personal and practical needs, the professional attitude tends to judge of value in the light of liberal and social results. Professionalism, then, has its own norms of merit which are not contained in the public estimate. An examination of the manner in which the educator proceeds in supplementing public values by pedagogical values will suggest how study values are finally established.

With respect to established aims, every school study, when subjected to pedagogical analysis, is found to possess a twofold value. One value is primary; the other is secondary. The primary value imparts a major importance to the study in pursuing a given aim; the secondary value reduces it to an auxiliary in realizing a different aim. Both values, however, originate in certain intrinsic qualities which cause the study to function towards results with which it is naturally allied, directly or indirectly. Through its functions, the study may be definitely and permanently associated with these results. Both primary and secondary values are unvarying, and where certain aims are desirable so are the studies allied with them, directly or indirectly, to a corresponding degree.

But aside from its primary and secondary values, based entirely upon intrinsic qualities, a subject of study may

assume importance by reason of circumstances which are entirely objective to it. It then enjoys acquired or circumstantial value, which, at times, greatly enhances its importance as a school discipline. This happens when a set of circumstances gives rise to the need of accepting new aims, to which an accepted study is intrinsically inadapted. New studies, more closely allied to the new aims, are then introduced. Thus a study possessing high intrinsic merit, may suffer rejection on account of conditions created by a combination of circumstances which robs it of its original prestige.

This distinction between essential and accidental values is of signal importance in apportioning the studies of the school. At a time when a multiplicity of results are sought through the instrumentality of school instruction, the accidental values of some subjects may easily overshadow the essential values of others; for a subject which at one time, under a certain set of circumstances, may be viewed as possessing but slight value, may, at another time, under a different situation and set of circumstances, be regarded as highly desirable.

This fluctuation in values assigned to school studies results from the instability of educational aims. As new aims are added to the function of the school, as established aims fluctuate in relative importance in response to needs, so do the attributed values of school studies. Some are enhanced in value, and some are minimized, and this not so much because of any modification in their intrinsic character as because of their accidental values in meeting or in failing to meet existing needs.

A further analysis of the origin of study values would necessitate an extensive investigation of the causes of fluctuation in educational aims. It is likely that social and economic factors would be found to be the main causes. But without attempting to embark upon such a stupendous project a few general observations on this point may be suggestive.

It was noted in a previous connection that popular estimates are governed largely by practical and personal needs. It might be added further that public opinion as to the value of a study is derived generally from temporary exigencies. Hence the school which subordinates its work to public wishes, must, in its aims, necessarily reflect to a degree that instability and non-permanency which characterize public convictions.

Instability of educational aims may also be accounted for in a larger and more fundamental way by the natural tendency of all institutions to change. In the school, as in all similar instruments of social creation, the life of a people is mirrored. As the interests of life change, educational re-adaptations are necessary. For this reason the urgent educational aims of one period may wane into the insignificant needs of another. Change in educational emphasis arising from this cause is, however, orderly and consistent. It is less disruptive of accepted aims and study values than are temporary circumstances which, at times, impetuously spur on the natural rate of progress.

Finally, local influence may be mentioned as a factor responsible for fluctuation in school aims and study values. Schools must respond as a system to prevalent needs as

they occur generally; but besides this every individual school is called upon to promote the special interests of the particular locality which it serves. Just how well adapted a study may be to a community school, will depend upon the nature of life in that community. For this reason a study which because of intrinsic qualities or general intrinsic circumstances, is reckoned important may, with reference to prevalent local needs, be regarded as inconsequential.

General values, therefore, do not correspond to particular values. One may conceive the evaluating process as proceeding downward from general considerations until it reaches the special problems which confront the individual, local school.

If we now proceed to gather up our observations on study values, we see that two major factors are responsible for the amount of emphasis placed upon different (or the same) phases of school interests. These are public opinion and the professional attitude. The former is practical, personal and temporary; the latter inclines to that which is cultural and collectively social in import. The former proceeds from a consideration of concrete needs; the latter from theory and abstract analysis. Neither is complete without the other; they are supplemental the one to the other.

Insofar as the foregoing assumptions and conclusions are of direct applicability in the practical undertaking of formulating educational aims and devising courses of study consonant therewith, the following suggestions might be abstracted from them.

(1) Make an appraisal of current opinion as to what the school is expected to do. From this public needs are ascertained. (2) Upon the basis of frequency with which individual needs are advanced and the degree of insistency with which each is presented, judge of the relative urgency of each. (3) On the professional side, ascertain what studies conduce directly and indirectly to the realization of those needs. (4) In the interests of permanency, continuity and solidarity, preserve a sufficiency of the liberalizing, cultural, and socializing to ensure centripetency and refinement. (5) Formulate school aims consonant with those public needs and pedagogical estimates. (6) Basing upon the collective results of this evaluation, apportion the amount of attention given by the school to the different studies calculated to achieve the desired results.

SUPER OMNIA

This lesson I have come to learn by heart:

Few cherished things survive ordeal; and mine
Have all proved false. . . . As in the potter's art

An urn, shaped on the wheel, and with design
Exquisite traced in such unlabored care

The artist's very soul seems there outlined,
Is put at last into the kilnfire, where

The flames a fatal weakness in it find,
And all the potter's pride to ashes falls;

Or as when winter chokes the madrigals
Of hapless birds; as slaying frost descends

On ripened fields; or as a young life ends
Abruptly . . . my loved ideals were born to die!

To teach me there should be but God and I . . .

R. F. GRADY, S.J.

With Scrip and Staff

WE need at times the sight of the sightless, and the example of those who work for them, to enable us to appreciate those gifts which we take so lightly.

When Death called Clara Louise Banton, of Philadelphia and Deal Beach, N. J., this spring, the blind lost a faithful friend and worker. It was she who gave the soldiers blinded in battle their Christmas party in the Rehabilitation School at Evergreen, Md., in 1918, and in 1919 founded the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae Bureau for the Blind. She taught Braille transcription by mail to members in every part of the country, first arranging with the Library of Congress and the American Red Cross to use their tests and examinations and to comply with the regulations they had established for system and uniformity of type for the blind. She further arranged to place all completed I.F.C.A. Braille books in the hands of the Rev. Joseph M. Stadelman, S.J., of the Xavier Free Publication Society for the Blind, from which center Catholic books are loaned to reading rooms for the blind (136 West Ninety-seventh St., New York City).

In eight months, Miss Banton had given thirty-five members their certificates and had instructed forty-five others for their final examinations, through personal correspondence involving thousands of communications. In addition she collected the nucleus of a fund for the maintenance of the Bureau. From this initial work classes and Braille clubs have increased and multiplied until today there is scarcely a Chapter in the I.F.C.A. which has not its representative embossers. Three of Miss Banton's first pupils, Sister M. Camilla Woermann, O.S.F., St. Francis Academy, Joliet, Ill., Mme. Francis Dryden, Kenwood Sacred Heart Convent, Albany, N. Y., and Sister M. Augustine Park, Saint Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md., have not only continued the instruction of Braille to regular classes but have furthered the work of securing patrons for the plating of editions of Braille books.

Clara Louise Banton, the last of a famous Virginia family whose descendants served in every conflict of this country since 1632, was a member of the alumnae of St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md., the alumnae of which founded the I.F.C.A. Her splendid work will live on not only in the remembrance of 70,000 members of the I.F.C.A. but particularly in the hearts of the blind readers of I.F.C.A. Braille books and the Xavier Free Publication Society for the Blind, to which she directed a host of loving transcribers to assist in bringing light to those in darkness.

THE recent convention in Cincinnati of the Knights of De l'Épée, the national Catholic organization of the deaf, showed strikingly how the other great handicap to human communication could be overcome, under the leadership of enlightened and devoted workers, both among the hearing and among the deaf themselves.

Past Supreme Knight James L. Donnelly, from Rich-

mond Hill, L. I., who is also editor of the *Catholic Deaf Mute*, addressed the delegates in the sign language, and was able to point to the remarkable growth of this beneficent organization. There are Councils in Chicago, New York, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Toledo, Scranton, Altoona, Lowell, Boston, Manchester, and elsewhere. The unwearying efforts of Fathers Purtell and Moeller have been rewarded, since the humble beginnings of the work in Baltimore. It is not generally known among Catholics how thorough are the provisions at present for the care and education of Catholic deaf-mute children in this country, as a result of this activity.

To quote the publication just referred to:

In widely scattered sections of the United States are schools for the Catholic deaf. These great works of zeal and charity are practically unknown to our Catholic laity. Those who know the real facts consider these schools the most necessary work for the day. They are doing what a great churchman said was "a most eminent work of charity."

These struggling Catholic schools are following in the footsteps of Our Lord. They are teaching the deaf and dumb not only the knowledge of this world, but to love our Lord and His Blessed Mother. The work requires specialized teachers and untiring zeal.

If parochial schools are so necessary for the normal child, how much more so are schools for the deaf? The child who can hear, receives his first instructions at his mother's knee. The deaf child's mind is blank till it is opened to instructions at the school he attends.

No deaf mute child, in any part of the United States, need want for such an education, if communication in its behalf is made with the Supreme Chaplain of the Knights of De l'Epée, Father Michael A. Purtell, S.J., Loyola High School, Baltimore, Md.

THE work of the Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart, whose Mother House is at Towson, Md., has shown especially what can be accomplished in assisting the deaf to help themselves. Their school at Irvington, Md., already of long standing, inspired them to open St. Gabriel's School for the Deaf at Santurce, Porto Rico, which is attended by about fifty children. These little children took an important part in the Silver Jubilee celebration of the Mission Helpers in Porto Rico on December, 1927, and won the hearts of all who saw them and heard them speak. The civic celebration was held in the Municipal Theater, by the permission of the Attorney General, who himself was present, and marked the conclusion of a quarter of a century of unremitting labor amid special obstacles. For, more than any physical climate, the spiritual climate of Porto Rico has presented, and still presents, anything but a stimulus except for those who are stimulated by a work to be done.

THE name of the Abbé de l'Epée reminds us that it was a Catholic priest who first unlocked the lips of the deaf mute by the invention of the sign language. It also takes back to France, where a special school was opened on Feb. 21, 1925, in Poitiers, for boys who are suffering from the supreme hardship of being deaf, mute and blind. The Brothers of St. Gabriel, who are among

the spiritual descendants of the great apostle of the Blessed Virgin, the Blessed Grignon de Montfort, are in charge.

The five pupils now attending arrived at the school at widely different ages, ranging from ten to twenty-six years old, yet in each case, thanks to constant, patient instruction, the Braille system of reading has been learnt, the world of books, maps and other tangible instruments of learning opened up for them, and, through the manual alphabet, speech made possible. Not least among the encouraging features has been the keen intelligence revealed, in several instances, which before had been imprisoned in total darkness.

WHAT a curious train of thought the remembrance of these blind folks can arouse, in one who looks up at the Memorial Library, which is Mr. John K. Mullen's gorgeous gift to the Catholic University of America, and thinks of those who are totally cut off from all that beauty, and cut off too from all that treasury of knowledge except what may be doled out through the cumbersome medium of the Braille! Such a thought, at any rate, should make us, who can see, better appreciate the opportunities that such a library can afford, and feel all the greater pride in seeing among the bas-reliefs of the six greatest librarians in history that of the Librarian of the Ambrosian Library in Milan, Achille Ratti, our own Pope Pius XI.

With all the good that a library can accomplish, it seems a little odd that so few of our more well-to-do Catholics have hit upon the idea of simply opening a public library or reading room on their own account. Amidst all our concern for getting Catholic books and literature before the public, it seems that not only organizations, but also wealthy private individuals, might easily establish a few such libraries scattered through our large cities, and would find it a most interesting form of beneficence.

An example of just this sort of undertaking has been offered by a Catholic lady in Poland, the Countess Tyszkiewicz. Merely taking an odd forty books that she happened to have over her writing desk, she conceived the idea of putting them at the disposal of the public, and set aside for that purpose a room in her house. All sorts of persons, students, priests, even Jews, began to frequent the little reading room. Soon the collection of books grew, and with its growth another room, then two, three, and finally six rooms were needed, and are still too few.

When Pope Pius XI was Nuncio in Warsaw he visited the Countess' library in its beginnings, approved of the plan, and prophesied that in time it would take up the whole house. At present there are 8,000 volumes in five different languages, and eighty periodicals in the same languages. The library is under the patronage of the Little Flower of Jesus, and 871 institutions and houses of Religious make use of the books, with a circulation of about 37,000 volumes a year. The use of the library is entirely gratis. The Countess' husband, Count Joseph Tyszkiewicz, is a well-known author of various works of a philosophical nature, such as "Darwinism and Evolution," "The Theory of Einstein from the Standpoint of Chris-

tian Philosophy," "The Miracle of Faith," "Pluralism," "The Social Contract," etc.

A few such Catholic libraries established and maintained by individual Catholic enterprise would make a splendid supplement to the work of such enterprises as the Catholic Unity League, already called to the attention of our readers.

THE Central Catholic Library of Melbourne, Australia (352 Collins Street), has circulated over 12,000 books during the preceding year. "It is curious to note," says the report, "that fiction does not reach 25 per cent (although nearly 3,000 books of fiction were read). Among other curious features of this useful analysis we note the large number of historical works issued. Travel is also an important section. Liturgy startles by the number of its devotees, as does Scripture by the lack of them. Of our postal subscribers we have nearly as many Interstate as from the country parts of Victoria." There are 6,742 volumes in all. THE PILGRIM.

VERSES FOR CHILDREN

WHO WOULD BE AFRAID AT NIGHT?

Who would be afraid at night?
Not I—oh, never I!
For night's just day without the light
Of sun up in the sky!

I would not be afraid at night!
Not I—oh, never I!

And who would like the sun at night?
Not you—oh, never you!
We could not sleep with all that light;
'Twould never, never do!

You would not like the sun at night!
Not you—oh, never you!

JUST SUPPOSING!

If I were a pirate bold—
A wild and swarthy pirate bold,
Combing all the seven seas in search of treasure rare,
I'd choose the finest, brightest rings,
The choicest and most costly things,
And send them, in a golden chest, for you
To wear!

If I were a gallant knight—
A fearless and a gallant knight,
Setting forth to conquest on my charger tried and true,
I'd wear your token on my shield
To cheer me on the battle field,
And when the war was over I'd come back
To you!

If I were a mighty prince—
A great and high and mighty prince,
With castles tall and lovely grounds and wealth at my command,
I'd dress me in my grandest best,
My velvet cloak and jeweled vest,
And humbly come a-suing for your heart
And hand!

MARY JANE CARR.

Dramatics

Revivals and Stage Diction

ELIZABETH JORDAN

THE stage revivals in New York have undoubtedly added to the gaiety of a summer season that has sorely needed such aid. One can get out of the rain by going to a play, and perhaps this helps to explain our growing appreciation of the drama.

Attendance at the priceless revival of the old melodrama, "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," to which I have already referred in this department, became a social fad. Every one wanted to see the famous "barnstormer" that Americans sobbed over fifty years ago; and though today audiences rock with laughter at the scenes where their mothers and grandmothers wept, they are having no better time at the play than their forebears had.

Few things could illustrate better the changes fifty years have made in public feeling and sentiment than does this melodrama, which was one of the uplifting and ennobling influences of its day. Nothing could be more highly moral than its atmosphere, and its lessons are driven in with a hammer. Every one who drinks too much goes insane or is murdered or fills a pauper's grave. The two reformed drunkards are immediately successful in all their undertakings, and one of them becomes the leading man of his home city. It is he, by the way, to whom in the first act his little daughter addresses that touching and well-remembered song which is the top note of the emotional gamut of the play:

Father, dear father, come home with me now.
The clock in the steeple strikes one.

When little Mary finishes this song and has her head hit by something thrown by the bartender and goes home to die lingeringly in the next act, the heartless 1928 audience roars. It also roars over the old songs that father and mother loved and which are rendered with such impressive solemnity at intervals during the play.

"Shoo fly, don't bother me," is one of these. And the smiles fade from some of the hard-bitten faces in the orchestra at the memories and associations connected with the old refrain:

I feel, I feel, I feel,
I feel like a morning star.

When a character in "Ten Nights" is not being murdered another character is pretty likely to be singing; and the orchestra—consisting of three women in very tight bodices and long skirts, with ruchings around their necks and three side combs in their hair—play "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "In the Gloaming," and other airs of the period, with great emotional feeling. The revival is immensely clever and deserves its success, but in addition to its moral lesson it offers an artistic lesson of which we should not lose sight. The diction of the players is a delight to the ear. Every word of every speech of every character can be clearly heard by every person in Wallack's Theater, and Wallack's is a big house.

Comparing this diction with the diction in George

Tyler's fine revival of "Diplomacy," produced at the Erlanger's Theater with an all-star cast, one is tempted to feel that the stage has made less progress in fifty years than one has thought. For in that remote period players had the strange notion that audiences wished to hear plays as well as to see them, and they made this possible. A few years ago players dropped all such notions. They decided to speak "naturally," and in ordinary conversational tones. They decided to lower their voices when they chose, and to direct their remarks up-stage or down-stage or at the ceiling or any other place they fancied. They did it, and from that time on their audiences have heard just about one-quarter of the lines in the plays they are attending.

Americans are the best-natured, most long-suffering people in the civilized world. For a long time they bore this new condition with grim endurance. Then, in increasing numbers, they began to rebel. Now their complaints are loud-voiced and persistent. They make speeches about stage diction at public dinners. They write to the newspapers. A society has been formed in New York whose purpose is to wrestle with the growing evil of inaudible stage diction.

"Managers are wondering why attendance at the theaters is falling off," a leading New York woman remarked in a recent after-dinner speech. "I can tell them why my own attendance is falling off, and that of most of my friends. It is because we can't get good seats for any of the successes, and we can't hear a word of the play if we're back of the middle of the house. No one can, because the diction of our stage people is so hopelessly bad. Even when we go to agents and pay extra for seats we are still given seats in the rear of the theater, though we often see whole rows of empty seats in the middle of the theater during the performance. Since we can't hear at all, and can't see very well in the extreme rear of a darkened house, we have naturally ceased to attend plays."

Her complaint is not exaggerated. Few indeed can get good theater tickets for any success without paying exorbitant prices for them, and fewer still can hear the play even if they secure seats. No one pretends to explain why it is now practically impossible to buy seats at the box office of any theater where a successful attraction is running, or why the agencies, which used to have the best seats, can now offer us nothing but places in back rows. It is whispered that a number of fashionable theater clubs are in existence and that the best seats go to these, and this may be a partial explanation.

The atrocious diction of the modern player, both man and woman, is more easily explained. Naturally a player does not want to walk down to the footlights and shout his lines. Neither does he want invariably to face the audience when he speaks. Neither, however, does any one else want him to do these things. His audience merely wants him to strike a happy medium between old and new standards, to be audible and intelligible, which seems little enough to ask when one remembers why audiences come to plays. They come to listen as well as to look, and

the mouthing and murmuring and word-swallowing of the majority of players will soon empty the theater entirely if it is kept up.

A present example of the new diction is offered in the revival of "Diplomacy," Sardou's fine old play of fifty years ago, now at Erlanger's Theater. George Tyler's announced "all-star production" of this early favorite is no empty claim. It is an all-star production. Its leading roles are played by Tyrone Power, Georgette Cohan (daughter of George), William Faversham, "Cissy" Loftus, Jacob Ben-Ami, Rollo Peters, Margaret Anglin, Frances Starr, Helen Gahagan, and Charles Coburn. Of those ten brilliant players there are exactly three whose lines their audiences are privileged to hear and enjoy. The three are Faversham, "Cissy" Loftus, and Charles Coburn.

Faversham, who plays the leading role to perfection, also gives his audiences the beautiful diction to which he has accustomed them throughout his brilliant stage career. "Cissy" Loftus, superb artist though she is in her own line as an imitator, does not interpret very well her role as the widow of a Spanish grandee, but no fault can be found with her diction. Charles Coburn, as Baron Stein, plays with fine authority and sends every word to its mark, which, the other ladies and gentlemen of this company may be interested to know, is the human ear.

Margaret Anglin, who appears in only one scene, carries practically all the comedy of the play in that scene. Her lines are brilliant, but so far as her New York audiences are concerned she might as well be uttering those lines in her beloved West. She would be touched, for she is a kind-hearted woman, if she could see the strained, disappointed faces of her would-be hearers as they vainly try to follow her. Strangers look at one another and shake their heads in common sympathy. "I get the gist of it," one optimist remarked, "but it's mostly guess work."

However, Miss Anglin is no worse than Miss Starr, Miss Cohan and the rest. As for Ben-Ami and Helen Gahagan, they appear to think their roles call only for deep breathing. The American public is writing a strong message on the theatrical wall. Players who fail to read it have some idle seasons ahead of them. So much for one of the present "evils" of our stage.

The supreme attraction of "The Grand Street Follies of 1928," put on at the Booth Theater by the Actor Managers, Inc. and Minnie Dupree, are the "imitations" by Dorothy Sands and Albert Carroll and, in a lesser but still highly commendable degree, those given by Paula Trueman and Vera Allen. Miss Trueman "takes off" Helen Hayes, Eva Le Gallienne, and Helen Chandler, and Miss Allen "does" Constance Collier and Helen Westley. But these impersonations, clever as they are, are forgotten when Albert Carroll gives us Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Fiske, and Loretta Taylor, or when Miss Sands holds Ina Claire, Mae West, and Haidee Wright up to the mirror of her genius. These things, and Vera Allen's burlesque of Lynn Fontanne's monologue "My Three Men," in "Strange Interlude" are the high lights of the new revue. The rest is comparative darkness, but the

high lights are so brilliant that no audience will complain of the dimmer intervals. Miss Fontanne is "Columbia," in the "Strange Interlude" scene, and her "three men" are "Cal," "Al," and "Herbert," each of whom lends amusing aid to an extremely clever political skit. It should be added that "The Grand Street Follies of 1928" are much cleaner than any of the previous productions of this clever young band; but even this year's version needs a little more soap.

"Her Unborn Child," a drama produced at the Forty-eighth Street Theater by the Majestic Productions, Inc., has been given some misleading publicity by its authors, Howard McKent Barnes and Grace Hayward. It would seem to be a plea for birth control, whereas it is the exact opposite and its lesson is right along the lines of religious and legal standards. It is the story of a young girl who sins once, and who rises gallantly from the depths of her tragedy. Never except at the Edith Cavell film play, "Dawn," have I seen so many tears shed by an audience as during the "big scene" between the mother and daughter in this play.

"Skidding," a new play by Aurania Rouverol, put on at the Bijou Theater by Hyman Adler and Marion Gering, Inc., is a comedy that falls between two stools. Its author cannot quite make up her mind whether she is a modernist or a reactionary. All her married women characters are disappointed and unhappy, but their woes are nothing to that of the independent spinster in the play, who utters a yawp of loneliness and longing that might have been written fifty years ago. The heroine of "Skidding" is supposed to be an ultra-modern college girl, who constantly "backs and fills" in her inability to choose between her lover and her career. She finally chooses marriage, apparently on the theory that bad as it is it is better than single-blessedness. At which denouement the married women in the audience looked thoughtful and the spinsters looked amused.

It's wonderful to have one's brain stimulated by these problem plays!

REVIEWS

The Triumph of Life. By WILLIAM BARRY. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$4.00.

In the form of letters to a friend and with that classical coloring and that limpidity and lucidity of expression so characteristic of him, yet so noticeably absent in most contemporary writers, Canon Barry discusses in his latest volume the destiny of man. The letters were actually begun before the War but only completed since. From the interlude, however, and the direful events attending the great catastrophe, the author gets another splendid argument for the faith that is in him. Though each letter or chapter is really a distinct essay, all are woven into one harmonized scheme treating of the relations of science to the soul. Are we justified, Canon Barry asks in the language of the scientist, in extending the principle of the conservation of energy by which science resolves all its enigmas, to Life? It is his thesis, and such enthusiasts for science as Mill, Huxley and Spencer are made to support it, that science can never find a Utopia in which mankind will be content; that something is demanded of our moral sense which their studies alone cannot give. That something is religion, immortality, God. The author logically and convincingly lays bare the fallacies of scientific men who in the name of knowledge have become the preachers

of everlasting death and nothingness for the human family. Incidentally his discussion takes him afield into the realm of such interesting topics as hypnotism, dreams and spiritualism; also Darwinism and the broader subject of evolution. The volume is one that the Catholic philosopher will enjoy and that other cultured scholars will profit by. For those who think as they read, it will prove as entertaining as it is stimulating. W. I. L.

Rembrandt. By SANDOR BRODY. New York: Globus Press. \$2.50.

In this book the author has gathered certain events of the latter days of Rembrandt, and presented them in the form of a story. The earlier and more successful part of the great painter's life is only hinted at or touched upon lightly. What the author brings out is not so much the virtues, as the failings, the weaknesses, the vices of Rembrandt; his loves, his intrigues, his shiftlessness. Of course it has become the fashion to pull away the curtain than has hidden much that was undesirable in the lives of heroes; and one wonders to what profit. To be sure one can find a certain "spiciness" in this volume, yet it adds nothing to Rembrandt's stature. One may prate of truth, and so forth, but, in the end it is hard to see why it would not be better to try explain rather the greatness of the man than his meanness. His life and its shortcomings are gone forever. The painter remains. From his canvasses he speaks a language that appeals to the world of mighty and beautiful things. Why din into our ears what can only distract us and lessen our appreciation? F. McN.

My People the Sioux. By CHIEF STANDING BEAR. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$4.00.

Arachne. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

Here are two books that seem naturally placed at diameters. The one is a straightforward story, about a simple people, guilelessly told. The other relates to the life of beings who are sophisticated to a degree, self-contained, self-centered, ambitious, contriving, over-reaching. One may contend that Chief Standing Bear's story is not lacking in a certain guile and cunning, but it is the guile that is born in the open, it is the blunt naïveté of the plains rather than the intrigues and absurdities that are a by-product of a self-centered culture. "My People the Sioux" is an exceptional book, inasmuch as it is quite unusual for a full-blooded Indian to write a book of the kind. In this sense it is also a remarkable book. The Chief was among the first to enter the Carlisle school for Indians, and he did well there. He worked for a time in the store of John Wanamaker at Philadelphia, afterwards traveled with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, and thus saw much of America and considerable parts of Europe. The story of his people, as Chief Standing Bear recounts it, causes one to reflect whether some of our Indian history should not be revised, whether Custer's last fight was as heroic as our histories claim it was, whether our treatment of the Indians was as wise and humane as we wish it to appear. Those who have followed Mr. Phillpotts's writings need not be told that in "Arachne" he is in his element. What a hold the Lydian maid has had on the generations! Poor Arachne, whose weaving surpassed Athene's own, whose courage could defy a goddess, but whose pride could not withstand her scorn. The author changes the metamorphosis, and, with good effect, has the youthful artiste whisked off into obscurity but happiness, by her bumpkin lover. Mr. Phillpotts hits hard and surely at many of our modern weaknesses and quirks, which, after all, are only the survivals of ancient failings, nor always the survival of the fittest. There is Arachne, great artistically, but who thinks she can scorn the heritage of tradition; her old father, devoted and fond, Polydorus learned and ponderous, and ever playing safe; then her true lover who is more effective in his ignorance than a school of Polydorians. Mr. Phillpotts knows how to use an epigram to good purpose. But, at times, he allows himself to employ words that are mere solecisms.

F. McN.

The League of Nations: A Chapter in World Politics. By JOHN SPENCER BASSETT, Ph.D., LL.D., New York: Longmans Green and Company. \$3.50.

The last work of this son of North Carolina not only brings to mind his sudden and tragic death on January 27 of this year, but recalls also the episode in 1903, when every member of the faculty of Trinity College, North Carolina (now Duke University), signed a protest in Professor Bassett's favor, and the trustees voted 18 to 7 against his resignation, sustaining him for his courageous praise of Booker T. Washington, as the South's most eminent man, next to Gen. Robert E. Lee. The same generous spirit is evident in the author's treatment of the history and the workings of the League of Nations. Though the treatment is solid, with ample references when there is point to them, it is a popular book. The technical side of the League's functioning is told in a series of chapters, each leading up to a dramatic turn of events, and pictured with a liking for the human. Professor Bassett enjoys telling the story, and makes the reader enjoy it as well. He believes in the League and recounts with satisfaction its achievements and various escapes from disaster. Still he likewise shows up its weaknesses. His discussion on the crucial question of the League's essential power, in the light of Article 10, is well-balanced. He divides the honors between popular opinion, the power of the various governments, and the personality of the different Foreign Secretaries themselves, plus a certain entity which the League seems to succeed in forming. Nor is he without his doubts as to how the United States, "with its ingrained tendency to make progress by long leaps, would have succeeded in counsel, if it had come into the League at first." The story of the Protocol and its demise, of the various classic disputes, and of the Locarno treaties is told in good historical style. The book will be liked by those who wish something more extended and readable than the average textbook. J. L. F.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Speculative Studies.—A half-dozen essays, for the most part highly metaphysical, form the content of "Studies in the Psychology of Mysticism" (Benziger. \$5.25), by the Rev. Joseph Maréchal, S.J., translated by Algar Thorold. They cover such diverse topics as the problem of the feeling of "presence" in mystics, and that of mystical grace as evidenced in "al-Hallāj, the martyr-mystic of Islam." The volume evidences the scholarship of the distinguished Louvain psychologist, who facilitates its reading by prefacing most of the chapters with a full introductory outline. American readers will possibly be most interested in Father Maréchal's trenchant analysis of Professor Leuba as a psychologist of mysticism. The Jesuit metaphysician finds that he lacks both the historical and psychological understanding of Christian mystics that would make him competent to appraise them properly. Realizing that the facts of mysticism are very largely included today in the field of investigation of psychologists who profess to abstract from any metaphysical or theological "value" they may have and to regard their phenomenal aspect only, the study on "Comparative Mysticism" is made entirely from their viewpoint.

Professors and students alike will find that "Scholastic Metaphysics" (Loyola University Press. \$2.00), from the pen of the Rev. John F. McCormick, S.J., Professor of Philosophy at Marquette University, supplies a long-felt need in the line of collegiate texts. Though the volume includes what the older scholastics discussed under the headings of ontology and cosmology, the author has secured its more effective presentation by a very wise departure from its cut-and-dried traditional exposition. As one would expect, Aristotle and St. Thomas are the solid pillars on which Father McCormick's metaphysics rest. However, his treatment of their theories is made modern and up-to-the-minute by his approach to them in the light of Neo-Scholasticism and of contemporary divergent philosophical systems. Though the problems discussed are technical and knotty the explanations are clear and readily understandable. Disputed points are treated fairly and

with that liberty of judgment which varying opinions justify. A helpful summary is placed at the end of each chapter as well as suggested study-topics and propositions or theses to be explained or established. There are also splendid bibliographies, both general and special, that will introduce the student to the treasures of Scholasticism in the vernacular.

Reading for Boys.—Irving T. McDonald has another story of life at Holy Cross College, "That Second Year" (Benziger. \$1.50). It has the distinction of being a very interesting, amusing and sometimes thrilling account of life at boarding school without baiting the line of adventure with a single chapter on the traditional game which brought a last-minute victory to Alma Mater and fame to the hero. Yet the story has as much action as a mystery thriller or a gripping detective novel. It will have some of the advantages which come from spiritual reading. For no one can put aside this description and account of fine manly characters without making an effort at imitation. There is plentiful humor in dialogue and incident; a humor which is, at times, augmented and deepened for those who have known life at boarding school.

The realistic and thrilling experiences of the lad who left his home town in the East and went in search of adventure are delightfully told by the Rev. H. J. Heagney in "Ted Bascomb of the Cow Country" (Benziger. \$1.25). The story shows the striking contrast of life on the ranch with the artificial existence of the city. The story will appeal strongly to boys who love adventure that is wholesome and thrilling. The author teaches many a fine lesson without moralizing.

If the young hopeful must have accounts of sports he will find them in the colorful story of Ralph Henry Barbour, "Lovell Leads Off" (Appleton. \$1.75). Lovell, although a crack tennis player, does not care for the more strenuous games of football, baseball and hockey and refuses to try out for the school teams. But an unexpected incident reveals his courage and applies to the diamond the skill and strategy of the tennis court. The author has a sure appreciation of what appeals to young readers.

For the History Class.—When the history classes reassemble next fall students will find a new zest in the pursuit of this fascinating study if schools avail themselves of the excellent texts which the publishers have prepared for them. Some teachers find the history hour a great strain on their own resources and a period of maximum passivity on the part of their charges. Let them inspect "A Laboratory Manual in American History" (American Book Co.) by Howard E. Wilson of the University of Chicago High School. After perusal they will each certainly exclaim, "Just what I've been looking for." It is bound and yet designed for loose-leaf use. Besides the outline maps and the charts for graph work, there are many carefully compiled lists of biographical and fiction readings and comprehensive lists of appropriate photoplays according to period. This manual can be used with any text.—Professor West has added a new volume to his well-known series. "The American People" (Allyn & Bacon) is a complete and well-illustrated chronicle of our national life.—Pupils of the higher grades in our parish schools have been provided with a delightfully written book of national bibliography, "America's Founders and Leaders" (Benziger). William H. J. Kennedy and Sister Mary Joseph, the authors, have given to American Catholic patriots the attention which their achievements deserve. Thomas B. Lawler has likewise written for the children of the lower classes the romantic story of our country's origin and growth. The simple narrative style and the numerous well-chosen illustrations make "The Builders of America" (Ginn) an excellent text for the early grades.—The latest edition of "The American Government" (Allyn & Bacon), by Prof. Frank A. Magruder, furnishes the high-school student of civics with a book of citizenship which covers the whole field of governmental activity, in a detailed but interesting way. The authors of the foregoing volumes have made effective use of illustrative materials. Scenes from photoplays give a vivid focus to the more romantic periods.

The Respectable Lady. The Crime in the Crypt. Water. The Single Standard. Shadow of the Long Knives. Beggars of the Sea.

The characters of Katherine Tynan's new novel, "The Respectable Lady" (Appleton. \$2.00), win the reader's interest and affection from the first for their individuality and their thoroughly human inconsistencies. They are as real as one's best friends, glorified a bit by the poet's touch, and with never a "tag" or a trace of the merely typical in their portrayal. The "respectable" Mrs. Heseltine, for whom the book is named, is a highly complex figure and an enigma to the end of the story. The author's rich sympathy finds more than a touch of goodness in all, even the least-favored figures in the tale. A light wit permeates the whole, and a bright-colored thread of wholesome romance is interwoven with the principal plot.

All the ingredients for a good mystery story have been used by Carolyn Wells for "The Crime in the Crypt" (Lippincott. \$2.00), but the story itself reads like a class-room exercise in "How to Write a Detective Story." Clues there are in abundance; the amateur detective becomes confused and confusing; Fleming Stone provides the authentic Sherlock. The stage is well set and the properties are all at hand, but the obstinate corpse will not galvanize. There is nothing novel, nothing unexpected from beginning to end. The merest tyro can detect the villain on his first appearance. The only vehicle of suspense in the story is the long delay.

Albert Payson Terhune attempts a mingling of realism and romance in his recent novel, "Water" (Harpers. \$2.00). The story centers around an illegal deal in land. In acquiring the territory necessary for an aqueduct, it was found that farm lands would have to be destroyed. The hero has had experience in such difficult matters and has sworn that land will not be sacrificed to provide water for this purpose. The villain succeeds in tricking him, as villains have a way of doing, even to the end of the story. Gavin Cole, the engineer, is too honest to co-operate with Jeff Christie. It strikes one that the plot is hardly true to modern conditions of life. The love interest is provided by Faith Christie, the sister of Jeff, and Gavin Cole.

An abstract discussion, cut to the figure of rhetorical patterns for novels, forms the basis of "The Single Standard" (Cosmopolitan. \$2.00). The author, Adela Rogers St. Johns, is called the "prophet of youth." Her vision is caught through the glasses of blurred arguments that have not gained conviction with age. Here one finds a syllogism dramatized, with the chief character as a major premise and the subordinates crowding into the minor. The logical conclusion would be that "as long as women are mothers there can never be a single standard."

Though Thomas Boyd has heretofore written American novels that pound themselves into one's consciousness and that thrill the soul by their power, he has not succeeded more than tolerably well with his tale of the mid-Western frontier during the years shortly before and following the American Revolution. "Shadow of the Long Knives" (Scribner's. \$2.50) deals with the Indian wars waged by the British before the United States was formed, and with the British peace and American invasions towards the end of the eighteenth century. It centers about the adventures of the scout Angus McDermott, and incidentally about his romance. As an intimate history of the times and as a treatise of the Indian habits and injuries, it is of permanent value.

If one remembers that he is reading fiction, not history, and if he makes due allowance for the marked bias of the author against the "Papists," he will find that Stephen Elmer Slocum has written a colorful and not uninteresting story in "Beggars of the Sea" (Minton, Balch. \$2.50). The action is set in the days of the religious wars of the Netherlands and of the Spanish armada. It is chiefly martial, though it is also made the background for an adventurous romance. The author's descriptions are vivid, his characterizations good, his episodes well chosen. But for historical detail, he has apparently read only one side of the story, and has swallowed bait, hook and line, the traditional tales of Catholic intrigues, crimes and inquisitions.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

"Round-Table Discussions with Protestants"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The very interesting story of the beginning, progress, and achievements of the "Round-Table Discussions with Protestants," by Lindley Johnson, Jr., in the issue of AMERICA for July 7, seems to give promise of another little mustard seed destined to become a great tree through the efforts of zealous Catholic laymen and the help of God.

There have been several such movements during the past few decades. One was the first Catholic Truth Society of America, organized under the auspices of the late Archbishop John Ireland, and later merged into the International Catholic Truth Society of Brooklyn, N. Y., which has not only distributed millions of pamphlets, tracts, and leaflets, but with its special Catholic news service a few years ago reached millions of non-Catholic readers through the columns of the secular press.

Another big enterprise, called "Advertising the Catholic Church," was started by two nameless young "Catholic business men" of Pittsburgh who purchased advertising space in four of the leading secular dailies, and in thirty days 1,000,000 persons were reading the novel little ads as eagerly as the daily baseball news!

The chief handicap in the newest enterprise would appear to be that it reaches—as at present conducted—only a handful of interested non-Catholics. Why not broadcast it to the whole world? Radio is the modern replica, in the natural order, of the miracle of Pentecost when a vast multitude of Jews from eighteen countries heard the Gospel preached by Peter, "each in his own tongue!"—thanks to the Holy Ghost who had descended on the Apostles in the form of tongues of fire. By broadcasting the "discussions" a million invisible but interested guests might "listen in" without even the expense of the "banquet!"

White Bear Lake, Minn.

WM. F. MARKOE.

"This Is an Advertising Age"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article by Mary H. Kennedy, in the issue of AMERICA for July 14, is one of real importance. It is a deplorable fact that we Catholics do not read our own newspapers, magazines, and books to the extent that reasonable expectation would demand.

If we could only be impressed with the fact that, as Pope Pius X said, "It is a sacred duty of every Catholic to support the Catholic press and help give it the largest possible circulation among our people," I believe some headway could be gained. The Apostolic See has never ceased to encourage the support of the Catholic press. It is deemed of such importance that Pope Pius XI has several times asked the Apostleship of Prayer to pray for it. Pope Pius X also said: "In vain you will build churches, give missions, found schools—all your work, all your efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive of a loyal and sincere Catholic press." This same Pontiff declared: "I would make any sacrifice, even to pawning my ring, pectoral cross, and soutane, in order to support a Catholic paper." The chief reason why Catholics do not support their press and buy and read Catholic books and magazines is that they feel that if they read such literature their friends will consider them as "pious" or "goody-goody." They seem to think that such reading is exclusively for priests and nuns or to be glanced over during a retreat.

If they only knew the wealth of our Catholic literature, I am positive that they would appreciate it. The big difficulty is to break through this wall of prejudice.

We have weekly and monthly magazines of high quality, which compare favorably with the secular magazines of the same class. There are no better weeklies than AMERICA, the *Commonweal*, and the *Ave Maria*. The *Catholic World* is, beyond question,

one of the best monthly magazines in the country. The semi-monthly *Catholic Mind* and the quarterly *Thought* have no equals in their respective fields. If the solid literature which they offer does not appeal to all, then the others can be referred to such excellent magazines as the *Sign*, *Extension*, *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, *Truth*, and the *Rosary*, not to mention the diocesan papers and many others.

As for Catholic books, we have great Catholic poets, biographers, essayists, etc. History is being written from a fair Catholic viewpoint and science has been done into popular form. We have Catholic fiction that is better than the popular secular fiction, for it is as interesting and at the same time is pure and breathes a Catholic spirit. Those Catholics who neglect their own literature and say that it is dull and uninteresting are very ignorant of the literature of the past sixty years. They do not and cannot appreciate the grandeur and beauty of the Church, but they find fault with the Church and rail at the Catholic press instead of helping to build it up.

Not all Catholic literature is interesting and pleasing to all of us. It is no more right to expect that than to expect all secular literature to interest all. There is a great variety of Catholic literature and one can choose what appeals to him.

A great deal of good could be accomplished if the clergy would speak more about Catholic literature. Why could they not have a series of sermons some time each year on the subject, stressing the fact that it is of real importance and as good and better than the secular? Why could not more pastors purchase a few copies of *AMERICA* and the *Commonweal* and call attention to the fact that they can be purchased in the vestibule for the small sum of ten cents? When an interesting article is contained in these magazines, why could they not say a few words about it, adding the information that the magazine is to be had at the rear of the Church. If this is done, the magazines will sell and thereby create much interest in Catholic literature. Once the average Catholic starts reading a Catholic magazine, he will come back for more and explore the other fields of Catholic literature. For it is chiefly through the reviews and advertisements in the Catholic magazines that a reading public is created for all the other types of Catholic literature.

Pittsburgh.

HOWARD W. SIEGER.

The First Church of the Immaculate Conception

To the Editor of *AMERICA*:

Several years ago *AMERICA* printed an interesting controversy about the location of the first church in the United States dedicated to St. Patrick. The letter from the Rev. Albert Biever, S.J., in the issue for July 7, concerning the demolition of the historic church of the Immaculate Conception, on Baronne Street, New Orleans, seems to suggest another of those instructive little chapters of Catholic history. Father Biever said he believed "it was the first church in the United States to be named after our Immaculate Mother after the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception."

A dissent is herewith filed in favor of the old church of the Immaculate Conception, on East Fourteenth Street, New York. In 1853 the increase of Catholics in this section called for the organization of a new parish. Property was purchased and a temporary place for services secured. Archbishop Hughes went to Rome during the following year and was present at the ceremony of the proclamation of the dogma by Pius IX, on December 8, 1854. In the meantime the building of the proposed new church had been going on slowly, and its cornerstone was laid on June 15, 1855. In November, 1857, at a gathering held to further construction, the Archbishop made an address in which he said:

When the dogma of which this church is to be a memorial and a monument was proclaimed as an article of Faith, I was but four or five feet distant from the Holy Father. Just at that moment I resolved on my return to New York to erect a church to commemorate the event. I knew the Catholics of the city would enable me to carry out that resolution. . . . I feel happy that I have not been deceived or disappointed.

The dedication of the completed edifice, on May 16, 1858, was the occasion of a very imposing gathering of ecclesiastics and the laity. In the succeeding decades this church had a large congrega-

tion. A parish census in 1878 found 17,000 souls within the limits, but this section, in recent years, has undergone radical changes. Several new parishes have been established within the original boundaries, and the immediate vicinity of the church, originally an Irish-American neighborhood, is now mainly populated by Jews. The pastor from 1861 to 1875, the Rev. Dr. William Plowden Morrow, was a cleric of national repute, and his successor of recent years, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John Edwards, V.G., had equal local distinction.

Brooklyn.

T. F. M.

Stage and Press in Austria

To the Editor of *AMERICA*:

The Austrian Government recently had under consideration a law against unclean literature, pictures, etc. I took the occasion to send a letter to our Chancellor, Msgr. Seipel, part of which I reproduce below.

Mobilizing the great moral power of legislation against uncleanness certainly meant a great display of good will. But was it not too huge to hit the point? Was it not like shooting sparrows with a cannon? Are there not other means, perhaps, which would help more?

If, for instance, we Catholics were united—there are a lot of us!—not for the purpose of party politics, but for creative cultural work, could we not accomplish more?

A writer who dares to produce clean literature nowadays is doomed by publishers and theatrical managers. Only the other day one of our leading theatrical agents said to me: "You really mean to create clean literature now, when the public only wants American sensations?"

"They are sick of them," I said.

"They are not sick of them. Look at the theaters which produce them! They are filled," he answered.

Now, who do you think fills those theaters? Atheists and other non-Christians only? Certainly not. Many so-called best Catholics patronize the places where uncleanness is offered them. This they do instead of forming a strong chain of opposition, and protecting the clean writer. They could spare him the alternative of either starving or making concessions. (Not all our writers are made of the heroic stuff of martyrs!)

If our people refused to patronize the unclean, and aided worthy productions, that would be cultural creative work indeed. Publishers, producers and managers would soon feel the pressure. Other decent groups, too, would join the Catholic movement, for those among our Austrian people who despise uncleanness are really numerous. But they are lost in the masses of the indifferent so long as there is nobody to organize them. . . .

Only the other day a group which aims to save the traditional popular songs and dances of the several provinces of Austria staged an open-air concert on the terrace of the castle of Schönbühel. They sang and danced and played the old popular airs. It was really excellent. . . .

We have a rich soil of cultural tradition from which a sturdy growth of music and dance can spring anew. We do not want the "jazz" music and dances of savages and cannibals. The episcopate has prohibited certain of the modern dances, yet many fear that this will not help much. For prohibition alone has never achieved its end. Something better must be substituted for what is proscribed. This is our opportunity to show what Austrian culture can do. This is what I mean by creative cultural work. . . .

The above was written in and for Austria, but I believe that much of it may find an application and possess a practical interest for Americans as well.

Vienna.

MARIA POKORNY.

Bouquets for Contributors

To the Editor of *AMERICA*:

I was pleased to note, in the issue of *AMERICA* for July 14, a contribution from the pen of C. J. Freund. It may interest you to know that a previous article by this same writer, which appeared just two years ago, was responsible for at least one new subscriber to *AMERICA*. I refer to "The College Graduate Undergoes Adjustment," which appeared July 17, 1926.

I cannot close without a word of appreciation for James William Fitz Patrick's "A Hard-Boiled Baby," and for George Barton's "The First Catholic Chief Justice." This latter sketch makes one wish that there were many more Roger Brooke Tanays today. Elizabeth, N. J.

MARY E. MAHON.